Week ending July 15 1950 Every Thursday Threepence

John Bull

THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH, ULSTER'S ANNUAL FLING

by Harry Hopkins

I REACH FREEDOM AFTER MY WOODEN HORSE ESCAPE—by OLIVER PHILPOT

THE YOUNG STARS AND THEIR HAIR STYLES

Short hair or long —their perms are Pin-Up

HONOR BLACKMAN — *playing in SO LONG AT THE FAIR — likes variety. Here you see her with an elegant, one-sided coiffure. "Pin-Up makes my hair very easy to set," she says. "It's no trouble to change styles."*

BARBARA MURRAY *wears her short hair softly waved, with a brief curl in the ends. "The Pin-Up outfit is a splendid idea," she says. "I'm delighted with mine!" Barbara will appear in TONY DRAWS A HORSE.*

SALLY ANN HOWES' *hair is smoky blonde, worn long. "I first tried a home perm in Italy," she says, "and ever since, when the wave has grown out, I've had a Pin-Up perm. It gives such a natural-looking wave." Sally Ann plays in HONEYMOON DEFERRED.*

SALLY ANN HOWES is keeping her smoky-blonde hair long. So is blonde Diana Dors. But brunette Barbara Murray is wearing her hair quite short, so that it shows off her small head. Not-so-short styles, with an inch or two of curl in the ends, are chosen by Honor Blackman, Jane Hylton, and Natasha Parry.

Whatever style they choose, all the loveliest young stars agree upon one thing: from the start, Pin-Up gives them the softest, most natural-looking waves they have ever had—at any price.

As everyone knows, Pin-Up is inexpensive and easy to do, and you can do it whenever you like. But these practical considerations mean nothing to these lovely young stars. It's the marvellous result that interests them. They know that on the screen they must always look their best: the close-up reveals every little flaw.

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Behind Pin-Up lies a history of scientific research. Because hair varies, the Pin-Up scientific experts have carried out laboratory tests on more than 2,000 heads of hair of every type.

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Giving yourself a Pin-Up is as easy as putting your hair in curlers—anyone can do it. If you like, you can get a friend to help you wind the back curls, but it's not necessary.

You can have the loveliest perm you have ever had, for a matter of shillings, done at home whenever you find it most convenient, simply by asking at your chemist or store for Pin-Up.

DIANA DORS *has recently had her second Pin-Up home perm—"because my first was so successful," she says. Diana appears—with Natasha Parry and Jane Hylton—in DANCE HALL.*

JANE HYLTON *has her hair fashionably cut with a shorter curl at one side. The ends are permed with Pin-Up. "From the start, the wave was soft and natural," she says. Jane appears in DANCE HALL.*

NATASHA PARRY, *appearing in DANCE HALL, has the ends of her hair and her side fringe permed with Pin-Up. "It was beautifully soft and natural-looking from the day it was done," she says.*

It's the Pin-Up lotions that matter, so if you already have the curlers or can borrow them, you can do a

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Softer, more natural waves with **Pin-Up**

EDITORIAL

Is Strasbourg to be a real step forward—or a "washout"?

NEXT MONTH'S MEETING of the Council of Europe can do us all a lot of good, depending on whether frank, honest argument prevails over windy theorizing. If it does, the Strasbourg debates will interest and inspire confidence among the common people in the member countries. If it doesn't, the few who read about the council's meetings will shrug their shoulders and say cynically, "Just another of these international washouts."

What is the Council of Europe?

It is an international body to which belong a dozen nations, from Turkey to Ireland, from Norway to Italy.

It has two parts. The first is the Committee of Foreign Ministers. These speak for their governments. Therefore they have real power. If this committee agrees to do something, that something will be done.

The second part is the Consultative Assembly. The members of this are selected by various methods from among the members of the parliaments of the European nations. The Italian Parliament elects its delegates to Strasbourg; ours are nominated by the party leaders at Westminster.

But the effect is the same. Assembly members do not officially speak for their governments. Indeed, many of them belong to political parties opposed to those governments.

But already the Assembly has argued and fought its way partly free from the supervision of the Committee of Ministers. This year it will probably go further.

Then the question will be raised more strongly than ever: "Can the Council of Europe eventually be turned into a real European Parliament with power to make and enforce laws binding on all the nations?"

THAT may be the greatest question mark in European affairs during the next few years. The Schuman Plan has already raised an economic aspect of what is really the same problem. The ayes and noes are marshalled into two camps, known to the Council of Europe wits as Fed and Func.

Fed stands for federalists. They want to go right ahead and start the United States of Europe, with the Council of Europe as its Parliament.

This means immediate *political* unity of the Continent—not including the Soviet satellite states—and the surrender by each nation of some of its own power and independence to the Federal Parliament at Strasbourg.

Thus, if a majority in the Strasbourg Assembly passed a law to abolish the death penalty for murder, we should have to comply, whatever the British Parliament, elected by the British people, thought about it.

Func stands for functionalists, the opponents of federation. They say that the time has not yet come for political unity. They believe that no nation concerned is ready to give up even part of its precious national sovereignty, that there is too much difference between the political outlooks of the various states, and that federation would mean trying to run before we have learned to walk.

Instead, they recommend leaving politics out of account as much as possible, and concentrating on economic co-operation.

EVEN economic co-operation, say the functionalists, is difficult enough in Europe. Supposing that, in order to cut out wasteful competition, it is proposed to close a silk factory in Italy and a rayon factory in England. To do so may make Europe's industry *as a whole* more efficient. But it would not please the Italian silk workers or the English rayon makers.

Other proposals such as a customs union, a common coinage, or even a common postage stamp seem to meet insuperable difficulties when they are seriously discussed.

But in spite of all the obstacles and objections to both Fed and Func, Strasbourg has already brought the nations a little closer together, by proving to the assorted politicians that it is possible for them all to work together in a friendly way.

Next month the Germans will be there for the first time—in the Assembly though not in the Committee of Foreign Ministers. Here is a real chance for ex-enemies to learn to understand each other.

And while the delegates are getting this valuable experience themselves they can help to form public opinion at home, partly by making Strasbourg an interesting and respected assembly, and partly by explaining it when they return.

They can and should do far more of this educational work. Last year they produced too much vague oratory in which facts and good ideas were often drowned.

Practical debates, less highfalutin talk, and no political wrangling—that should be the resolve of everyone who goes to Strasbourg next month.

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FREE SPEECH

How to share a home and kitchen

MOVING FROM ONE LOT of rooms into another does not bother us. We have just moved for the eighth time in four years—it makes no difference to us, in fact we rather enjoy it and our two-year-old son loves meeting people and playing with fresh children.

People like us who have to share a kitchen should remember not to try and domineer another woman's home but to take second place. And always be cheerful and pleasant to your landlady. I have never yet had a cross word with mine, and don't intend to in the future.—MRS. W. J. ADAMS, c/o Mrs. Jackson, 91 Orchard Way, Cheltenham Road East, nr. Gloucester.

Not Like Alice

HERE IS A SNAPSHOT of Tennant Creek, which is mentioned in Nevil Shute's JOHN BULL serial, "A Town Like Alice," and is where my aunt, uncle and sixteen - year - old cousin are now living after recently emigrating from Liverpool. In Australia they found things very different. For example the picture house at Tennant Creek is in the open air, the seats are deck-chairs nailed together, and there is no floor covering. Prices are very high: a cabbage costs 2s. 6d. Fresh vegetables come from Alice Springs, 313 miles away. On the other hand, wages are high: my cousin earned £5 per week for working part-time at the milk bar when she was only fifteen.—IRENE N. JENKINS, 17 Whitefield Terrace, Everton, Liverpool.

Tennant Creek: here a fifteen-year-old can earn £5 a week

TV Moves Up North

JACK WINOCOUR'S ARTICLE, "Genie Of The H-Aerial" (JOHN BULL, June 10) was most enjoyable. I must point out, however, that the North of England does not expect to wait two years for TV. A firm of constructors has been working on the site at Holme Moss, near Huddersfield, since the beginning of the year and excellent progress has been made. On a recent visit to the site I saw a road under construction and offices and stores already erected.—DEREK H. SHAW, 3 Alexandra Road, Lindley, Huddersfield, Yorks.

Jack Winocour's estimate was a little pessimistic. The Postmaster-General has told the Commons that it is hoped to open the Huddersfield transmitter "in the middle of 1951." But offices and stores already up are temporary buildings only.

. . . Television in every home would be a calamity. Radio is bad enough when turned on indiscriminately and talked through, eaten through and worked through. But television also entails sitting like a stuffed owl with a fixed stare. As we are all lazy at heart, there is a danger that soon few people will know the delight of going to the theatre.—OLD FOGIE, Maidstone, Kent.

The Birds Have Flown

I WAS PLEASED TO read your editorial on the protection of wild birds, the farmers' friends (JOHN BULL, June 24). I think every farmworker will agree with you. In the days of the horse plough I have seen as many as twelve single-furrow ploughs in one field and twelve furrows lined with every size and colour of bird—all eating insects. Now, when one tractor and a four-furrow plough enter a field with a roar and a couple of bangs there's not a bird in sight. Can we wonder there is so much need for pest powder? — G. HICKS, Dalham, Newmarket, Suffolk.

Teacher's Family Of Fifty

AFTER SPENDING A FEW hours of Open ADay at my child's school wandering from classroom to classroom, I was exhausted in sympathy with the teacher's seemingly impossible task of dealing with over fifty children. Not only has he to attempt to teach but also to deal with bus fares, dinner money, free milk, act as first-aid man for all kinds of bumps and bruises and manage many other minor jobs. Looking after a family of one fills my day—but fifty! All I can say is: "Give 'em the money, Burnham!"—MRS. C. C. COXON, 210 Long Lane, Attenborough, Notts.

The Crumbling Castle

VISITING HASTINGS THE OTHER day I was very much amused to see scaffolding against the ruins of William the Conqueror's castle and workmen busy with mortar and stones. Though I have a great reverence for historic buildings, Hastings Castle has been for many years a complete ruin and such fragments of walls as remain standing already show marks of bad restoration. Wouldn't it be more dignified to let Hastings Castle crumble away naturally while the workmen get on with their proper job of building houses, shops and theatres? — MARGARET SEATON, Larkfield Hall, Maidstone, Kent.

Covers Are An Education

THE OTHER NIGHT my son wrote an eight-sentence story about gipsies. A week previously the subject for his weekly essay was fishing and fishermen, a week before that the subject was a horse race. These simple but very useful exercises were based on the paintings on the front cover of JOHN BULL. I can recommend the idea to any parent who has a child between the ages of seven and eleven: the bright colours hold the child's attention and stir the imagination, simple sentence construction is taught, and general knowledge and vocabulary are extended. —PARENT, Carlisle.

His Truest Friend

GLADYS SAMUELS HAS my greatest admiration for her defence of her marriage to a coloured man ("I Married An African," June 3). My truest and staunchest friend today is a coloured man I met during the first World War. He would willingly give his life for me. He was the only true friend I had when I was down and out, and I had the greatest difficulty to persuade him against coming from South America to see me during a recent illness. When it is possible I am going out to visit him to show my appreciation of his true and loyal friendship.—F. C., Staffs.

Films In Slow Motion

YOUR EDITORIAL ON THE British film industry (JOHN BULL, June 17) recalled to me how I was made keenly aware of the waste of money during the making of a period film in a big British studio. I was engaged to play a small scene in which I said one line: it would last two minutes on the screen, but took two days to shoot. I was shocked by the "couldn't care less" attitude of the film extras. They were never there when wanted, they had always to be rounded up and caused several retakes by such trivial oversights as wearing sun-glasses, not putting on hats or not hiding handbags. The director would have got more co-operation from the figures in Madame Tussauds.—A. D. CURRIE, 158 Holland Road, London, W.14.

Only One Escaped

OLIVER PHILPOT'S ACCOUNT of his p.o.w. experiences in the series "Stolen Journey" recalls to me my own in the hands of the Japanese in Hongkong. Lt. Goodwin, who reached New Zealand via China and India, was the only one of 600 British p.o.w.s to escape. In three and a half years we others made no attempts at escape as the Japanese threatened reprisals and said they would kill us if we were caught. Also, it was difficult for a white man to travel in a country where the inhabitants differed so greatly in colour and appearance. — W. R. L. BOWLEY (ex-Pay Lt., R.N.V.R.), 33 Furnival Street, London, E.C.4.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

"THERE'S so much to do on the river," says cover artist Ronald Lampitt. "It makes an ideal holiday for people of such varied tastes as the picnicking family on the bank or the music-makers on the lower deck of the pleasure boat. I have included in the picture as many as possible of the incidents I sketched during recent holidays on the Norfolk Broads and the upper reaches of the Thames."

PARIS REPORTS

Frothing white on navy blue demands the

Lux look

SKETCHED IN PARIS BY THE WELL-KNOWN FASHION ARTIST HARAMBURE

THE NEWS—IN BLACK AND WHITE

Black or navy blue, with white accessories — there's nothing smarter this season. This little suit — note the short, wide sleeve to allow for the frilly, bishop-sleeved blouse — was sketched in Paris by Harambure. What a blessing to have Lux for your white accessories! Broderie anglaise, muslin, lawn — fabrics like these *need* Lux — cleansing yet gentle, to keep them immaculate.

IT's love at first sight for this delicious outburst of crisp white broderie anglaise on a dark wool suit! In Paris, our reporter says, navy blue with a touch of white is *the* thing.

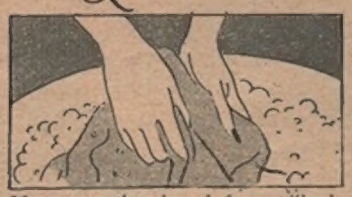
There's nothing so becoming, so *flattering* to a woman, as these white accessories, and it's marvellous to have Lux to keep that look of sheer, no-doubt-about-it *freshness* which is their whole charm.

Lux *does* remove every particle of dirt from sheer fabrics, and makes them shining-clean. Those transparent diamonds dissolve *instantly* in lukewarm water, and the rich, penetrating lather cleanses thoroughly, gently, *safely*. Pure, gentle Lux can't possibly harm the most fragile fabrics! Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Women love Lux for their hands, too. What a joy not to have your hands roughened by frequent washings! Lux keeps hands white, soft and smooth.

You can look fresh as a flower all summer long with Lux to keep your accessories immaculate. Be sure to ask at your shop for Lux. And remember the economical double-size — 1/3d.

Give your hands that Lux look too!



Most women, these days, do frequent "bowl-washes." Do you think about the effect on your hands of the washing product you use for fine things?

Pure, gentle Lux, so thorough-cleansing and safe for delicate fabrics, is kindness itself to your hands—keeps them soft, white and adorable!

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JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Orange Lodgemen unfurl a banner of William III. Their Order is the Home Guard of Northern Protestantism. Catholics claim it's a cult of privilege

The Glorious Twelfth—Ulster's annual fling

Every twelfth of July drums beat out, flags fly, corks pop in Belfast streets. The politicians cry, "No surrender to the South": the rank and file just go on a spree

by HARRY HOPKINS

LAMBEGS THEY WERE CALLED. They were drums—fat and enormous and richly decorated with Orange lilies and rubicund portraits of Queen Victoria and William of Orange and Lord Carson. It took a strong man to carry one, but down in this village near the Border there were plenty of strong men.

They marched along in the fading light, two in front and two behind, thrashing out with their canes the strange thunderous rhythms they had learned in their drumming clubs till their knuckles were raw and the blood began to trickle. They were the "King's Men" and they were out that night to give Ulster's answer to the "Rebel" MacBride and his Gaelic Republic.

It was an answer given many times since Gladstone took Home Rule for Ireland out of his political bag. And, since Dublin had cut the last link with the Crown, the answer, all insisted, was louder and clearer than ever. "There's been a tremendous outburst of loyalty," said the Grand Secretary of the Orange Lodge of Ireland. "We've had a wonderful influx into the Orange Order."

Founded in a village pub in 1795 after an affray between the Catholic Peep O' Day Boys and the Protestant Defenders, the Orange Order is the Home Guard of the North's robust Protestantism, drawing its name and inspiration from William of Orange, Stadholder of the Netherlands, who drove James II and his Catholic hosts reeling back from the Boyne in 1690. Proclaiming as its aim the "maintaining of the laws and peace of the realm and the Protestant connection," it later inherited the mantle of Carson and his Volunteers, who—in armed defiance of both Dublin and London—had countered Home Rule for Ireland with Home Rule for Belfast.

It remains today an organization of remarkable comprehensiveness. "After the Prime Minister," explained an Ulster leader, "the most important person in Northern Ireland is the Grand Master of the Orange Institution." At the age of twelve, brought up in the way that they should go, Ulster boys are enrolled in the Junior Orange League. The women, too, now have their organization. Cabinet, Press, Church: the colour is orange.

But this surely is mid-twentieth century and

the Battle of the Boyne was some time ago. We have a different ideological war on our hands now. How much real feeling survives in this picturesque organization?

It is an inevitable question—and in their wisdom the Orange Fathers set aside a day each year for the inevitable answer. It is, nevertheless, an impressive answer. It strikes a new observer, such as I was, with the force of revelation. "Oh, you'll not be needing calling in the morning," the chambermaid in Belfast had said. "They'll be out in the streets right early." They were. It was shortly after 1 a.m. when the first of the fire engines crashed by. They went to seventeen calls that night. In the city, bonfires blazed at the street corners; in the country, at the crossroads.

All over Ulster, men were hanging out Union Jacks and putting on the sashes their fathers wore and flocking once again to the standard of King William III, their Orange deliverer. For the 259th time, the "Glorious Twelfth" had dawned.

The Mean Street Mystics

In Brown Street, off the Shankill Road, the fife-and-drum band from Lanarkshire "opened" one of Belfast's many Orange Arches. For six months the shipyard workers of Brown Street had collected two-pences, for three months they had laboured over the paint pots, lettering the year's selected sentiments upon the coloured strips their wives had sewn. And now, as the Twelfth dawned, Brown Street's arch stood forth in all its glory, a mean street's sixty-fifth declaration of faith. "History," announced the topmost streamer, from chimney to chimney, "has proved that where Popery reigns poverty remains." "Ulster has nothing to barter," added a lower level. "Quit you like men, be strong." And then, intertwined in the fluttering patriotic patchwork, the portraits of the King, of Sir Basil Brooke, "Ulster's Leader," and the mystic Orange symbols for Faith, Hope and Charity.

On the corner, where the cross-street fell away towards Falls Road, three dark figures stood in ostentatious detachment. They were Belfast police, wooden-faced and armed. Three more paced slowly by.

"This is, as you might say, the front line," explained William Goodin, veteran of fifty Brown Street "Twelfths." "Take a wrong step and you're in No Man's Land. Of course, we know how to protect ourselves."

Scotsmen Called Irish

"Loyalty," they explain in Belfast, runs highest along these Border streets. Brown Street was as Orange as King William himself. "It's in the blood, I guess," said William Goodin. "You have to go back to the Plantagenets. They call us Irish, but most of us are just as much Scots or English. Leave us alone, let us be—that's all we ask."

As the big day dawned at last, out of the sprawl of Belfast, the Orangemen came hurrying, moving towards their rallying points. Brass letters "LOL"—Loyal Orange Lodge—followed by a number, were pinned in the men's blue-and-orange and orange-and-blue collarettes: "made not of silk but of good Ulster linen that neither breaks nor wears out." On their summery dresses the women and girls wore red-white-and-blue rosettes with "REM. 1690" in the middle. All over the grey wilderness of mills and shipyards, doors opened and closed. From north, east, south and west, the people came hurrying until the growing throng on the pavements finally stopped them.

Shortly after ten o'clock the confusion began to sort itself out. The 261 banners wavered to the alert, the 2,881 bandsmen took a new grip on their instruments, and, following the complicated schedule worked out weeks in advance, the procession began to unwind itself. The Orangemen marched slowly and gravely in wide-spaced columns of three, bowler hats, black suits, white gloves. At the head of each lodge marched two men with drawn swords. Whatever else it might seem to outsiders, to Ulstermen this was a solemn occasion—a rededication.

Lodge after lodge plodded by, faces set, white gloves swinging. The Star of Ulster Temperance, the Rising Sons of Ballymacarrett, the Belfast Heroes. The banners they bore were an Ulster saga and an Ulster gallery of fame . . . Oliver Cromwell, Carson, the Prentice Boys Shutting the Gates of Derry, the Open Bible. And William the Deliverer, the fount of Ulster's Rightness. William in a red coat on a white horse splashing through the Boyne, William "Landing at Torbay," William "Landing at Carrickfergus," William "Viewing the Enemy's Position," William "Returning to Camp."

As the men marched, the bands played. The Belfast streets vibrated to the robust Orange airs: "The Sash Me Father Wore," "Derry's Walls," "Dolly's Brae" and even—reported a southern newspaper maliciously—"Dear Old Donegal."

Once when the procession was held up for a few minutes the crowd took up the tune. . . .

And when we came to that great
hill they were ranked on every side
And offering up their Papish prayers
for help to stem the tide
But we loosed our guns upon them
and quickly won the day
And we knocked five hundred
Papishes right over Dolly's Brae.

Councillor Who Was Shot

For many who marched, the epic scenes on the banners, the obscure skirmishes of the songs, were not just something out of a past that was picturesque but dead. These men lived their history.

And still today north as well as south of the 270 miles of twisting border that cuts Ireland in two, men are locked in the embrace of history—a lamentable history of revenge. "T. J. Twaddell Memorial Lodge" announced another banner. Twaddell was a Belfast councillor, a Protestant and by all accounts an inoffensive man, who was shot by gunmen within two hundred yards of his outfitter's shop in Garfield Road. That was in 1921, but in Ulster, as in Eire, they do not forget. They cherish their martyrs, hug their wrongs and live on—and sometimes in—the past.

For two and a quarter hours the King's Men swung by on the long dry march to "The Field"—ten districts, 300 lodges, fifty-seven flute bands, forty-nine pipe bands, fifteen brass and silver bands, eleven accordion bands. A statistically-minded reporter with an adding machine finally declared a grand Orange total of 13,697—"allowing for manipulation errors."

Toddlers wore orange paper hats. Babies in their carriages waved Union Jacks. A small boy in an orange sash sold me a souvenir journal. "You are an Orangeman, too?" I said. "You have to work your way up," he said.

It was six hot dry miles to "The Field" at Finaghy. But soon after noon the leading lodges began to swing into the farm gates; the banners came wavering up the hillside. In half an hour, as the columns wheeled left and right, each to its allotted "district," what had been an empty field was carpeted with the prone bodies of shirt-sleeved men and flowery-frocked women, grouped around the stacked drums, the furled banners. Men laboured across the grass with crockery. Fires were lighted.

After the food, the other feast, the feast of oratory. And that year fervour was easy. In the election just ended, said the Grand Master of Belfast, Ulster had given its forthright answer to the South's impudent anti-Partition campaign, to the South's political chapel-door collections. Ulster, moved the Grand Master of Ireland, "repudiates the false title of the Republic of Ireland as designedly misleading and absolutely deceptive, and never was or never will be part of any so-called Republic."

Those in favour? Against? Carried unanimously!

"They tell you," said Lord Glentoran, M.P., "that Partition is maintained by a few linen lords and rich reactionaries. Yet look around you here and what do you see? You see all the brawn and muscle of Ulster

The Twelfth. They may not know what it all means. But it's fun

that won't let the other side lift a slate off a Derry roof."

That was the stuff—and that got a cheer and would have got a louder one had not the majority of the brawn and the brain been otherwise engaged. To the Unionist politicians this might be a big moment; but, for the rank-and-file, from now on it was Ulster's day out, their annual fling, and William of Orange, excellent man though he was, was too dead to enjoy it.

All over the vast field girls giggled on the grass, husbands queued for ginger-pop, people drifted about in an amiable daze. Around four o'clock, their tired feet rested, the King's Men dusted the grass off their Sunday suits, unfurled their banners, and prepared to march back to town.

"You know what we're thinking of now?" said William Goodin, of Brown Street. On "The Field" alcohol had been forbidden on pain of fine or expulsion. Now, as the dead embers of the bonfires began to blow from the street corners, the Belfast pubs came into their own.

But the Twelfth was still not quite over. Now came the Blackmen's day—the traditional celebration of the Royal Black Preceptors. In another field, at Scarva, fifty miles south-west of Belfast, where William of Orange had camped before the Boyne, a dozen young men in red blouses and red-feathered cocked hats faced a dozen young men in green blouses and green-feathered cocked hats. Suddenly they ran towards each other, firing their rifles off into the air, waving their swords round their heads carefully.

"The difference between the Black and the Orange?" said a Blackman, shocked. "Ah, that now, I couldn't tell you. But you have to go through the Orange to get to the Black, see."

Secrets Are Well Guarded

Orangism is full of such mysteries, for the Tyrone village publican who founded it borrowed liberally from the forms and cabbalistic symbolism of Freemasonry. Today the Orange Order's documents are still marked "Private and Confidential," its rules, oaths and membership figures a closely guarded secret.

There are those in Ulster for whom this secrecy bears a sinister conspiratorial aspect. For there are streets in Belfast and Derry and every town, where no drums sound, where there are no flags, no bunting, no jubilant cries. In the miles of mean streets in what some of them call "the Falls Road Ghetto" the Ryans and O'Donnells and Costellos—Belfast's 100,000 Catholics—live in segregation. For them Orangism bears a different face. "We call it the Orange Police State," says Harry Diamond, their M.P. "It is a system based on fear. As unemployment rises, Orangism grows. You have to belong to it to get a job."

In Ulster—a state divided against itself by the very circumstance of its birth—a cold war raged long before Mr. Molotov was ever heard of. At intervals that cold war gets hot. In the riots of the twenties 400 people were killed, 4,000 injured and £10,000,000 worth of damage done. But from 1935 onwards—when a Scots band turned down a Catholic street on the "Twelfth"—there was an uneasy peace, the longest in Belfast memory.

Could it last?

To such questions, Orange leaders, from Brooke to Carson, have always returned the same answer. What they do they are forced to do. All Ulster wants is to be left alone. Complaints should be addressed not to the gun-toting patriots of the North but to the gun-toting, bomb-packing patriots of the South.

More Live-And-Let-Live

The Orange Order, they say, rules out provocation. Its processions avoid Catholic streets. And, in point of fact, the spirit of live-and-let-live is growing. When, in Ulster on the Twelfth, they come out to celebrate the Boyne, what they are upholding is the principle of civil and religious liberty which was William of Orange's great gift to the British.

But as, Glorious Twelfth over once more, Orangemen roll up the Union Jacks and put away the sashes their fathers wore, they congratulate themselves not only on having had a fine day out, but also on having demonstrated to their complete satisfaction that, whatever that Fenian MacBride may dream down there in his Gaelic Republic, up in Ulster's hard-bitten capital the answer is still as always: No surrender. THE END

Ann's classroom is the world

by IAN BEVAN

Pupils on every continent fall in love with Ann as she teaches them, though they never see her. She is just a voice in "English by Radio"

Customer and shop are English, assistant is a Swede. The B.B.C. taught him the language

"RATIONS FOR TWO, no marge, not too much fat on the bacon. . . ." The shop assistant made up the order, marked the ration book, and wrote out the customer's bill. Nothing remarkable about it, except that not so long ago this particular assistant couldn't speak a word of English, had never heard of the Ministry of Food, and dealt in kronor instead of pounds, shillings and pence.

Soon he juggled with farthings and took a pride in the speed with which he served a queue of impatient British housewives. He is Erik Welander, a huskily built Swede with a passion for ski-ing, a strong dislike of tea, and a fluent command of English which he taught himself by listening to the B.B.C.

Until recently Erik was working in a Co-op store on the outskirts of London, on exchange for six months from the Swedish Co-op, and perfecting his knowledge of English first gained as a pupil in the world's biggest school. Several years ago he was dial-twiddling at his home in Stockholm, and chanced to tune in to a B.B.C. *English by Radio* session. Within a few weeks he was a regular listener—dashing straight home from work so that he could hear the broadcast before dinner, then listening to the lesson again when it was repeated later the same night. He became one of the several millions of foreigners who are students in the most ambitious radio educational project ever conceived—a project which aims to make English the true international language.

French Begin A Rival Series

Riding the flood-tide of interest in spoken English which followed the victorious Anglo-American armies, the B.B.C. is teaching it to anyone who will listen; and they're listening by the thousands in Germany, Algeria, Siam, Brazil, Turkey—in fact in almost every country in the world. The broadcasts are proving so successful that the French—whose language was for centuries the recognized "second language" of European civilization—have started a rival *French by Radio* to regain lost prestige.

The scheme started modestly in July, 1943, with lessons given in simple English, spoken very slowly. After the war, interest in these experimental broadcasts snowballed so quickly that new, improved methods of teaching were devised. Booklets were written in the students' own languages, to be read in conjunction with the broadcasts. The first edition in Germany sold 100,000 copies before publication. The publishing side, most of which is done by ordinary commercial firms, is a big business, and all except two of the booklets have made a profit from which the B.B.C. is paid royalties. In Siam, more booklets have been sold than there are registered sets.

It costs quite a lot of money to teach the world to speak our language—although not nearly as much as it does to prepare an elaborate light entertainment show such as *Take It From Here*—but the potential dividends are enormous. No one can estimate how much might be gained commercially and culturally by the spread of spoken English, but the French could probably make a closer guess than anyone else. They know what the decline in the use of French, particularly in south-eastern Europe and the eastern Mediterranean, has cost them in terms of francs.

Usage has already made English the accepted international language of aviation, and soon this will be officially endorsed by all countries belonging to the International Civil Aviation Organization. The Dutch pilot of a K.L.M. airliner coming in to land at Paris asks for instructions and receives them from the French airport control official in English.

The man who first had the idea of using wireless to teach the world English was Vernon Duckworth Barker, a wartime B.B.C. official who is now working in Paris with the United Nations. His job, in the early days of the "phoney" war, was to choose foreign linguists with suitable voices for radio. After the fall of France, in common with the rest of the B.B.C. team responsible for broadcasts to Europe, he was searching for ways to encourage the people of occupied countries and convince them the Allies would eventually win.

"They had to be given faith," he recalled the other day, "so I began to cast about for some new approach, something which would make a link between them and us, something which would give listeners a concrete task to work at for the day of liberation. In the summer of 1941 I suggested the possibility of broadcasting English lessons, built around the idea that our troops, when they landed, would need help and guidance. I couldn't call my plea a resounding success. Most of my colleagues said it would be folly to give even five minutes a day to anything except news and talks. But something told me I ought to go on. Through the rest of '41, and the whole of '42, I worried my poor colleagues until finally *English by Radio* was born."

The theme of the early broadcasts was "We're coming back! Get ready for us!" That was why many of the programmes took the form of imaginary talks between an inhabitant of occupied Europe and an English-speaking soldier. *English by Radio* now has three stages of lessons: an elementary series in which the difficulties are explained in the listeners' own languages; a more advanced series in English only, but using simple words; and an advanced series in English only, using a full vocabulary, including many technical terms.

Although the lessons are designed on the assumption that people who listen want to learn, and are what might be called "willing victims," the programme planners never forget that a radio set is very easily switched off. They make the lessons as entertaining as possible, to hold the listeners' attention. This year they started their own version of *Twenty Questions* as a way of sugar-coating the pill of vocabulary lessons. Question master is George Camacho, an Englishman who can speak Spanish like a Spaniard, French like a Frenchman, and several other languages almost as well.

The Old-fashioned Grandchild

Another popular way of disguising lessons has been by writing them in dramatic form. Many of the characters in these miniature dramas have been carried on from lesson to lesson, which gives them something of the same appeal as Dick Barton. First of the regular characters were Grandfather and Ann, born in the early days and still carrying on. Barker invented them when he was dictating a lesson to his secretary in the form of a dialogue between two characters, and she remarked that one of them sounded like an irritable old man.

"Let's imagine," Barker replied, "that he *is* an old man. The other voice will be a sweet-tempered girl. Why not his granddaughter—all patience and old-fashioned virtue? What's the most virtuous name you can think of?"

"Ann," said the secretary, whose own Christian name was Noël.

So he began to dictate a new version of the dialogue, which was the first conversation to feature the couple who have since become familiar to listeners all over the world. The actress who

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Paleface in savage

The treasure was secret. But Garfield knew, the schoolteacher knew, the gunman knew—and so did the redskins

THE THING BEGAN with a murder. But that was forty years ago, for it was in 1910 that old Zachariah Fawcett had been shot down in a third-class compartment on the Tilbury line for the sake of the gold he carried. Nevertheless, it was as one result of this melancholy event that Garfield Wheeler drove his little red car eastward from London forty years later, on a day so bright with spring that the great gas-holder at Dagenham looked as lovely as the Taj Mahal.

As he progressed, the outer east of the metropolis tailed off into a great backyard, where there were allotments dotted with such sheds as castaways might build of driftwood, and rubbish dumps pestilentially smoking—and then came open fields, and finally a huddle of houses whose roofs were lightly snowed over by cement dust from tall chimneys. At this point Garfield Wheeler turned to the right down a rutty lane and so came to the raised rim of the sky-bright Thames.

Immediately upon the river wall, standing in its own lusty atmosphere of beer smells and foreshore tang, stood the low and weatherboarded inn called the Sailor's Return. Garfield drove on to the tussocky corner of grass and gravel that served it for a yard, and the cluster of boys who played on the foreshore stopped their whooping, their throwing of stones plop into the mud, their precarious balancing on pileheads, and looked at him.

Garfield was a personable young man, rugged enough in the profile to have served these urchins as a model for the Dick Barton of their imaginings; moreover his little red car, with the peculiarity of its home-made bonnet, rarely failed to intrigue the coming generation. And he liked children. Therefore he was not a little disconcerted to notice that the stares now directed at him, from eyes too young to equivocate, were definitely hostile. Before he had time to get out of his car, one of the boys came boldly up to it, put one foot on the running-board, leaned on the door with a very studied casualness, and said out of the side of his mouth: "I know what you're after, mister."

"Oh," said Garfield. "You do, do you?"

"I do, mister," the urchin answered. "I know what you're after, all right. And you won't get it. See?"

With that he made a sudden move to get away, but Garfield put out a quick hand and took him by the wrist.

"Just a moment, my young friend. One little minute. You haven't said half enough yet."

In the background, the other boys grouped ominously, and Garfield wondered whether it was worth while satisfying his curiosity at the expense of having a stone through his windscreen. But the question did not arise, for at that moment a girl who had been walking down the sea-wall path suddenly ran towards them, put her hands on the lad's shoulders, and cried out: "How dare you pull the boy about like that? Let him go at once!"

Garfield Wheeler raised his hat with his free hand and looked at her. She was bareheaded, and every time the wind lifted a curl from her forehead, which it did several times a minute, the sun set little jewels in it; the same breeze pressed the full blue coat she wore tightly against her, and fluttered the ends of it behind her; and whether that wind or a firm of manufacturing chemists had put the glow in her cheeks, he did not know, nor much care, for the result was equally attractive either way.

He decided that, for purely aesthetic reasons, he was glad this girl was angry, otherwise her brows would probably not have that high

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR FERRIER

She was angry now. "That gold isn't going to be melted down to buy a flash car for some London spiv." Garfield said: "Can you possibly mean me?"

Essex

by CLIVE BURNLEY

arching, nor her lips be pressed into that rather provocative double curve, nor her eyes be lit so brightly. Perhaps, in her placider moments, she was even plain.

"No cause for alarm, madam," said Garfield, releasing the boy. "If you knew me better you'd know that. I wish you did."

She gave him one deeply scornful look, scorched him with loathing, and then, taking the boy with her, walked on up the chalky sea-wall path without a word, while the other urchins, whooping like a flock of strange birds, followed after.

AFTER a moment, Garfield took up his bag and walked into the inn. Behind the bar a fat man was carefully polishing the inevitable ship-in-a-bottle, mounted above the spirit optics; as Garfield came in he turned a fleshy face with a great bowsprit of nose and then ran as far forward as the counter would let him, holding out two hands in welcome.

"Mr. Wheeler! After six years! And just the same! The very same!"

The fat man's broad smile of welcome was not reflected upon Garfield's face: the visitor walked to the bar wearing an inscrutable expression of stern reserve, looking the other straight in the eye.

"Why, what's up, Mr. Wheeler?" said the fat man, his jaw dropping. "You wasn't too proud to talk to Maxie when you had them pips on your shoulder, so what's the matter now you've taken em' off?"

"Mr. Rose," answered Garfield, "my conversation is limited by discretion, not pride. I wish I could say the same about yours. You've been talking."

There was real misery in the publican's dark brown eye.

"I didn't mean to," he said. "Honest, Mr. Wheeler. But we had a darts team over from the Cherry Tree, and some dam' fool just *had* to start talking about the old murder . . . and you know how I am. But I only said——"

"I know, I know," said Garfield. "Ah well, I'm very annoyed with you, Maxie, but I suppose it was my own fault; leopards can't, so I don't really see why you should. But all Charrock knows what I'm here for —even the ten-year-old mudlarks out on the wall."

"A very fine set of lads, those, Mr. Wheeler," said Maxie, anxious to change the conversation as soon as possible. "I serve 'em lemonade out on the front benches, and the other day, as I was coming in, one of them shot a little arrow out of a bow he'd made with a bit of string and a piece of twig and hit me in the ear'ole. Hardly felt it. 'You won't shoot many lions and tigerses like that,' I says. 'What you want is——'"

"A new bow and arrow," said Garfield, "and you went and bought him one."

"How did you know?" said Maxie, raising his eyebrows. "Did they tell you?"

"It's just the sort of dam' silly thing you would do," said Garfield, relenting, "and I don't suppose you charge 'em for the lemonade either. Is it the same room I had before?"

"The very same, Mr. Wheeler," said Maxie, "and I put my binoculars on the dressing table in case you wanted to look at the ships. I'll get Ruth to take you up, and she has some special lunch, and——"

"I can take myself up," said Garfield, making for a remembered door, "and if you have a couple of beers poured out before I come down in about three minutes, there's a chance I'll forgive you. . . ."

Garfield Wheeler had hoped to keep secret his business on Thamesside. He knew that there are very good and sufficient reasons why those in search of treasure should conceal the fact. But, after all, he was in English Essex, not on the cayos of the Carribbean.

Moreover, although by sheer force of character he kept his optimism at a high level, he knew that his was the most forlorn of enterprises. It was impossible that so simple a puzzle should not, in forty years, have been solved by some earlier investigator.

He thought he knew where old Fawcett's money lay—where it had lain for all those four decades—throughout which time gold sovereigns had been getting rarer and more valuable, so that the worth of the coin was now nearly trebled.

Six hundred and fifty pounds in sovereigns had been in the old man's bag that afternoon in 1919, the entire proceeds of the sale of his ship-chandler's business in Charrock High Street, and, although they had taken Joe Fleming within forty-eight hours, with the pistol still in his pocket and his sleeves dappled with blood, and although they had tried him very conscientiously, and convicted him very rightly, and hanged him not half so high as Haman, but high enough, and buried him within the precincts of the prison, according to law, they had never come upon a single sovereign of that thirty-two score and ten. It had been a subject of much discussion, then and later; Fleming's defence had made the most of it, having little else to make anything of, and, for years after, newspapers had filled up odd gaps in make-up with small paragraphs about it.

GARFIELD WHEELER was a student architect, who hoped to qualify in time to lead the Romantic Revival which he foresaw following the Box-Building era, and in his leisure moments he liked his light reading to be dark, and was devoted to such fascinating works as those in the "Notable British Trials" series.

He knew the Charrock area, having been billeted there during the war, and therefore, when he came upon the volume that was concerned with the trial of Joe Fleming, he read it with particular interest from cover to cover, while commuting on the Aylesbury line. One of the illustrations had been a photographic reproduction of the last letter the convicted Joe Fleming had written from jail.

The original had been scrawled in large and laboured handwriting, for

Dozens of boys leaped out of thorn and thicket, like a pack of wolves

Joe was handier with a pistol than a pen, and it read:

'5th May 1910.

Dear Meg,

I am in peace. This my last line to you is a big blessing and hopes for stacks of luck. I am fifty old enough and my feet tired on life's path. Under the cover of prison flagstones I shall rest ever at peace. Regards to Mr. Philpotts. I never killed Mr. Fawcetts. I never needed any money. Game to the last.

Joe.

Garfield's morbid researches had already been sufficient to show him that letters from the condemned cell were frequently productions as inconsequential as this appeared, but after a little thought he wondered whether it was in fact all that it seemed.

Three things about it were odd: firstly, that Joe Fleming should have so explicitly sent his best wishes to Mr. Philpott, which can only have been done defiantly, since that gentleman was the wealthy proprietor of the cement works at which Joe had been the humblest sort of labourer; secondly, that Joe should have said he was fifty, when he was only forty-two; thirdly, that he should have dated it the 5th when it was actually written on the 7th. Surely a man should know the date the day before he is to hang. . . .

Garfield then wondered whether his mistake was deliberate, and idly underlined every fifth word in the letter, after which he found he had this reasonably intelligible message: "In line big stacks fifty feet under flagstones at Philpott's. Fawcett's money.—Joe."

As simple as that! Fifty feet from the big chimney stacks (long since felled) in one direction or another, under a flagstone, at Philpott's works (long disused), Fawcett's money! And had nobody, in forty years, arrived at the answer to such a simple riddle? Had the apparent crudeness of Joe's last letter made them all refuse to bother with such an obviously artless, if not witless, production? It seemed possible. The woman Meg, to whom the letter was addressed, and who had sold it to a Sunday paper, had plainly not risen to the occasion, for she had died in a workhouse.

"We'll see!" Garfield had said to himself. "Next weekend I'll go down and look for Fawcett's money."

So he had arranged accordingly.

NEXT morning ushered in what promised to be a beautiful dull day—such a day as sometimes comes to England in autumn or in spring—a cosy day, with the sky fallen low enough to make a small room of the world, with edgeless shadows, with a warm and genial wind, and with twilight all day long.

Carrying a surveyor's steel tape, a garden trowel and a compass in one of his raincoat pockets, and a case opener, very like a jemmy, in the other, Garfield Wheeler left the Sailor's Return Inn about five o'clock that evening. An intermittent drizzle had deterred him from starting earlier.

He walked west along the sea wall. A spring tide slapped high against the pitching, throwing thin spray at him, and on the Kent coast a lighthouse stood above submerged saltings like a big red spider. In the gentle dullness of the day the only luminous things were the pile of white water at the stem of a passing tug and the long and livid plumes from the chimneys of distant cement works. A 10,000-tonner, spiky with derricks and samson-posts, came majestically up-river, blowing a great melancholy hoot before she altered course to starboard; two autumn-tinted spritsail barges followed abreast behind her, and in the moving air gulls held themselves motionless, fifty feet up, as relaxed as clubmen in leather chairs.

Garfield Wheeler reached the ruins of Philpott's works within half an hour. Here, between the welt of the sea wall and the railway embankment, lay five acres of ruins. There were grey monolithic walls, massed

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Crowds queue at one of the Shakespeare showplaces: Anne Hathaway's cottage at Shottery. Here the guides are allowed one concession to romance

Stratford, shrine that's cashing in

by RICHARD COLLIER

They're all getting rich in the Shakespeare industry. But can they let it get bigger without killing the goose that lays the golden eggs?

AT ANY WEEKEND between April and September, the scene is roughly the same. From Shakespeare's birthplace in Henley Street to the muddy waters of the Avon, the streets are tight-packed with charabancs—crimson, blue and chocolate-brown. They have come from London, Birmingham, Manchester; but often their passengers have come farther than that. Along the pavements, the accents of Kansas and Canberra mingle with the broader burr of the Midlander. Girls in gay frocks relax against a background of Warwickshire half-timbering; the shutters on a dozen cameras are clicking home simultaneously. The Stratford-on-Avon season is under way.

Three hundred years ago, Stratford was no more than a sleepy Midland market town. The fact that William Shakespeare, poet and playwright, had been born there in 1564 and died there in 1616 was a matter of purely local interest. But two hundred years later, when posterity decided that Shakespeare was the greatest poet the world had ever known, there came a change. Shakespeare's house, his father's house, and even his mother's house, were now the shrines to which pilgrims flocked to worship. Gradually, the town's major industries, beer and light engineering, were eclipsed by a third—the Shakespeare industry.

The Dollars Come Pouring In

Everything in Stratford today, directly and indirectly, revolves round Shakespeare. The tourist season opens with a fanfare every year on April 23, because that is Shakespeare's birthday. There is a Birthday Luncheon, attended by the representatives of seventeen countries (including Russia), followed by a Birthday play at the Memorial Theatre. Before the season has drawn to a close in October, just on 500,000 people will have visited Stratford, many of them for the second or third time. One visitor in every six will have stayed for three days or more, spending an average of £4 apiece.

Stratford's rateable value, estimated at £119,500 in 1948, has already jumped sharply to £130,000. The population, standing around 14,000, has increased by 3,000 in the last twenty years. Of an annual turnover of £2,000,000, Stratford can reckon on £800,000 in dollars.

In a book-lined room overlooking the gardens of the birthplace, the man who stands at the head of the Shakespeare industry, a tall, bespectacled ex-archivist named Levi Fox, is currently grappling with the industry's biggest problem. At forty, Fox is Director of the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust, a non-profit-making organization which is responsible not only for the upkeep of Shakespeare's birthplace but of three other allied properties—the Shakespeare Museum in New Place, which stands beside the site of Shakespeare's former house; Anne Hathaway's Cottage at Shottery, where Shakespeare may have courted his wife; and the cottage of Mary Arden, Shakespeare's mother, at Wilmcote.

"Unfortunately," says Fox, "the Birthplace Trust, and even Stratford itself, has reached a crossroads. It's unthinkable that we should ever turn visitors away from the town, but it is vital that we should preserve some sort of balance between culture and commerce. More and more visitors are pouring into Stratford every year, many of them scholars, who take their Shakespeare very seriously. But for some townsfolk, Shakespeare is just a way of making money, and the whole reason for the town's existence is in danger of being cheapened."

When Fox took over the Birthplace Trust five years ago, it had already been incorporated by Act of Parliament for more than sixty years, so that his task was one of consolidation rather than breaking new ground. "But before the properties came under our jurisdiction," Fox explains, "things were in an appalling state. At one time there were *two* birthplaces here in Henley Street, both of them kept by old widows who were rivals. Each of them had collections of 'genuine' Shakespeare relics, including the gun that Shakespeare went poaching with, and one of them even exhibited the original chair in which Shakespeare sat. So many visitors followed his example that she had to fit it with a new bottom every five years."

Nowadays, under Fox's supervision, the organization of the properties has undergone a radical change. Every year, for a fee of 1s. 3d. a head (a cut-rate of 3s. for all four properties), 136,000 people file through the low-ceilinged seven-roomed house where Shakespeare is believed to have been born—"we're always very careful to point out that it's not completely certain." Fox's guides emphasize that the present furniture—Elizabethan beds and chairs—though it definitely belongs to Shakespeare's day, did not necessarily belong to the Shakespeares. Only at Anne Hathaway's cottage, where 114,000 people cluster every year round the tall, weatherworn settle in the parlour, is there any concession to romance. "This," the guides explain, "is where William may well have courted Anne."

During the season the guides more than earn their £7 a week. A man like forty-year-old Norman Poulter, who graduated to the Birthplace a year ago after a two-year probationary period at Anne Hathaway's cottage, estimates that he has already explained the historic significance of the Birthplace more than 20,000 times. "Harpo Marx and Jean Simmons were in one of my parties," Poulter recalls. "The next day I had 700 schoolchildren from the Rhondda, an Eskimo and a Hawaiian."

"Just What Prince Charles Needs"

Poulter's greatest day was when the King and Queen did a tour of the Birthplace at the beginning of the 1950 season. Among the things they were shown was an Elizabethan "baby-minder"—an adjustable leather band, attached to a rotating pole, which fastened round the baby's waist, a labour-saving way of teaching it to walk. "That," said the King, "is just what we need for Charles."

On last year's showing, Fox's policy of authenticity and restraint appears to be just what the tourists ordered. Income from admission fees to the four properties alone totalled just over £7,000, while the revenue from the sale of postcards and guide books brought in a further £6,700. But against this apparent gold rush, Fox balances the heavy upkeep of all four properties. The maintenance cost of the gardens alone is £2,500 a year, and recently, in still further pursuit of atmosphere, Fox had the walls of each house treated with a special lime-and-tallow wash, such as was common in Shakespeare's day. "From an average turnover of £10,000 a year," says Fox, "we rarely salt away more than £3,400, most of which goes towards additions to the Trust's library or to buying other old properties connected with Shakespeare."

At the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford's other star attraction, the picture is brighter still. In a normal six-month season,

which allows for five plays to be rehearsed and presented, the theatre, which seats 1,200, plays to capacity at every performance, with box office takings averaging £3,000 a week. "Our only problem," says bluff thirty-seven year old Anthony Quayle, the theatre's director, "is to cope with all the people who want seats." Even with running costs of £2,000 a week, the theatre made an overall profit of £25,000 last year.

"The only play we can't get away with," Quayle adds, "is *Macbeth*. It's our jinx play, and no matter who produces it there's always trouble. Phyllis Neilson-Terry was playing Lady Macbeth here one year: she promptly crashed her car into a tree. Gyles Isham was playing Macduff: he fell off a horse and was out of the cast for weeks. Last year Diana Wynyard injured herself falling off a rostrum, and on the next night every light in the house fused."

Church With An Admission Fee

Both the Birthplace properties and the Memorial Theatre exist as separate trusts, entirely independent of Stratford as a whole, but the wave of prosperity that they have brought to the town is reflected almost everywhere. Few tourists go to Stratford expressly to see Holy Trinity Church, where Shakespeare was buried, but 64,000 of them normally regard it as worth a visit once they have arrived. Canon Noel Prentice is thus the only vicar in England who feels justified in charging a 6d. admission fee.

Of the 200-odd shopkeepers currently doing business in Stratford, not more than a tenth have any direct connection with Shakespeare, but almost any connection is better than none. One garage proprietor, for example, whose business had never prospered above average, hit on the idea of perching a bust of Shakespeare above each of his petrol pumps, and found that trade improved enormously within a space of weeks. The Midland Bank, which acts as bankers for the Birthplace Trust, has gone a stage further. Not only does Shakespeare's head appear above its doors; it is incorporated in cheques as well.

One of the industry's most profitable sidelines is the souvenir market. Most tourists, for example, leaving the Birthplace and casting around for some kind of memento, end up in Mrs. Doris Guyver's Shakespeare Gift Shop, standing exactly opposite. "I got the shop quite cheaply when I came here twenty years ago," Mrs. Guyver tells. "It hadn't anything to do with Shakespeare, of course, but the chance of using the name was too good to miss." Since that time she has found the souvenir trade satisfyingly steady, with forty or more customers a day yielding an average profit of £10 a week.

The most popular items with British tourists are coloured postcards of the Birthplace (at 3d.), brass ashtrays showing the same view (at 5s. 6d.), and coloured terra-cotta plaques of Anne Hathaway's cottage (at 15s. 6d.). Americans and Australians, on the other hand, often prefer the small brass sanctuary knockers at 6s., replicas of the larger variety in Holy Trinity Church. But one of the most popular tourist lines, says Mrs. Guyver, has been unobtainable since the war. "They were little brass knick-knacks showing the characters from the plays," she recalls. "Shylock nutcrackers always sold well, though I think they were beaten by Hamlet cigarette cases."

Rackets Have Had Their Day

Some shopkeepers believe that the vast improvement in postwar trading standards is largely due to the example set by Fox's Birthplace Trust. "At one time," says John Wigington, one of the town's leading antique-dealers, "shopkeepers tried to palm off their souvenirs as genuine antiques, and some customers even believed them. Nowadays the big prices are only asked for things genuinely connected with Shakespeare—a first folio, for instance, will still fetch up to £5,000."

The racket that put paid to most other rackets, Wigington recalls, was centred round a mulberry tree in the garden of New Place. The earliest visitors to Stratford were convinced that Shakespeare had planted the tree himself, and invaded the garden at all hours of the day to snip off twigs. Eventually the infuriated householder not only cut down the tree but pulled down the house as well. An enterprising curio merchant bought up the dead wood and began a thriving trade in souvenirs from Shakespeare's own mulberry. Long after the original wood was exhausted, the business continued to flourish. "Before they packed up," Wigington estimates, "they must have used up an entire mulberry forest."

Memorial Theatre looks out on the Avon. It puts on five plays a year—and every seat is sold

Cafés That Cannot Lose Money

Not surprisingly, property values in Stratford have increased by leaps and bounds in the last five years. G. D. Inns, a local estate agent, explains that even a small gift shop would now fetch as much as £5,000. "But the real money," says Inns, "is in catering. A good-sized tea shop, seating around 150 people, would come on the market for at least £8,000, but with an annual turnover of £7,500 and a profit of £2,000 odd, the proprietors would soon get their money back." The town's twenty-three cafés cannot accommodate more than 1,900 customers at one sitting, and Inns claims that "a catering business in Stratford just *can't* lose money."

Stratford's chief hotelier is a tall, balding Swiss named Emile Sachs. His hotel—inevitably named *The Shakespeare*—accommodates a hundred guests, many of them American, and Sachs, who has never been to America in his life, arrived in Stratford three years ago to find that he quickly had to adjust himself to American tastes.

Ice-water, for instance, is a "must," and during a busy week, Sachs and his staff of sixty may serve up as many as a thousand portions of Chicken Maryland and strawberry shortcake. Atmosphere has to be carefully considered. One of the hotel's biggest attractions is that all its rooms are named after Shakespeare's works and characters; the dining-room, for instance, is called *As You Like It*, and the cocktail bar, *Measure For Measure*. "But," says Sachs, "I have to be very careful of people's susceptibilities. I can't put a maiden lady into the *Love's Labour's Lost* room, and so far as honeymoon couples are concerned, *The Rape of Lucrece* is out."

Sachs's main problem, in the midst of this prosperity, is one which affects the whole town: how much further can Stratford go? Sachs himself replies: "Much further yet." Looking ahead, he sees the Stratford of the near future equipped with Winter Gardens, swimming pools, skating rinks, clock golf courses, and even a ballroom. "It will have to come," he insists. "We just can't afford *not* to expand."

American visitor finds another interest: the Shakespeare souvenirs in Mrs. Guyver's window

On the other hand, as Levi Fox points out, any widespread expansion might well frighten away those visitors who are genuine Shakespeare enthusiasts and who ask nothing more than to be left in peace among the relics.

"It's a tremendous problem," Fox admits, "because the present wave of Shakespearian enthusiasm is so great that some sort of expansion might become necessary to cope with the rush. But if Stratford is intent on becoming just a Shakespeare factory, it'll only succeed in killing the goose that lays the golden eggs." THE END

The empty years

Since the girl in India, he'd never looked at another woman—until tonight

by B. L. JACOT

COLONEL FOSSITER'S cottage lay back in the beech woods beside the Henley - Oxford road on a spur of the Chiltern Hills. At his door almost, the dual concrete highway divided by a belt of flowering shrubs swept on down into the Thames Valley, but it was a lonely spot unfrequented by any except occasional woodsmen from the factory somewhere in the hills, that made the backs for brushes out of the beech trees.

Colonel Fossiter had come to live at the cottage in the days of Munich and he had been living there quietly ever since. He was a man who kept himself to himself, and perhaps the solitude of the place appealed to him. He kept the cottage as neat as a new pin and he had a beautiful garden. He was a lonely man without friends or visitors and apart from the manor, just visible a little farther up the hill, he had this hollow in the hills to himself. There was no other house in sight.

This evening he had been walking in the woods, as he often did, an elderly figure, tall and erect, with his white hair and well-polished boots, when he noticed the tyre marks.

The colonel did his own housework and cultivated his own garden, too, so that he would go for as much as a week sometimes without seeing another soul. He had little interest in the outside world. But the tyre marks puzzled him. They should not have been there.

On the next turn in the path he pulled up short. The figure of a man was sprawled face downwards in the carpet of leaves, the arms doubled under him. The head was in a pool of blood. In the same moment, the colonel recognized the man as an old fellow who worked at odd hours up at the manor, and that he was dead. He had been hit on the head from behind, and the skull was crushed.

The colonel felt slightly sick, but not for long. He had seen plenty of slaughter in the first World War. He had been wounded at Le Cateau and later at St. Quentin in 1917, and it was his pet theory that the youth of today was soft by comparison.

He phoned the police from his cottage and the sergeant's wife answered.

"Make a written note of the time," the colonel said. "And my identity, and that I am reporting a dead body in the wood not far from my house."

"You mean someone's been—murdered, sir?" Mrs. Ellis said.

"I think you should telephone through to Henley," the colonel now said. "It looks like a murder. I've touched nothing. When are you expecting the sergeant?"

"There's no knowing, sir, when he'll be back."

"Then," the colonel advised, "I should certainly call Henley."

The colonel was flicking a thumbnail against the grain of his close-cropped grey moustache when he set down the receiver. Who would want to drive a car into the woods? And if they had come out again, by which way had they managed it? And, if intruders in a car had beaten an old man over the head, their business must surely have been urgent and dangerous?

He reached for his torch on the shelf and made his way back to where the man lay. The night was dark as pitch and silent except for the hoot of an owl, and the circle of light on the carpet of leaves made an eerie effect among the trees. There seemed to be two footprints besides those of the dead man and the colonel traced them back to where the car had evidently stopped. For a while the colonel stood in the quiet of the wood lost in thought; then he pushed on, following the tyre marks.

HE did not have far to go. The car stood near the end of the ride. The engine was still warm. He flashed his light over the interior, then walked carefully on to the gate. In the distance now he could see the faint shape of the manor on the rise against the night sky. A vague, uneasy feeling came over him. An empty car, no lights, left in a wood. The men—and one of them probably a killer—might still be around, but it was another thought that troubled the colonel.

He was worried about Miss Ponsonby, of the manor. In all the years he had lived at the cottage the colonel had only seen Miss Ponsonby half a dozen times. She was something of a recluse. They had never spoken, but he knew she lived alone with an old housekeeper. Two women. . . .

The colonel had the somewhat silly and outdated respect for womenfolk of his generation. Women, he always considered, were properly helpless creatures—to be wrapped in cotton-wool and treasured. Miss Ponsonby in her old tweeds and her tweed hat and thick shoes, with her dachshunds and her shooting stick, if he ever considered her at all, was not a likely figure to excite chivalry. Yet, by the colonel's code she was something to be shielded from danger.

He climbed stiffly over the gate and set out cautiously across the paddock at the back of the big house. The greater part of the manor was shut off and under dust covers, the windows shuttered and the gates by the lodge padlocked. Taxes had levelled Miss Ponsonby down to a mere subsistence, not that she would ever have admitted it.

The colonel found himself in the stables and he worked his way warily round by the old-fashioned kitchens. He was not risking a light. The house seemed empty and deserted, given over to the weeds and broken shutters.

A thin moon slid for a moment from behind the clouds and in its light the colonel saw the open window. His expression changed then, for he knew his premonition had been right. For a while he listened, but the silence was unbroken, so he pulled himself up and hooked himself over the sill. He found himself in the billiard-room and the old boards creaked as he made his way to the door. In the passage he had to use his light to find his way into the servants' hall. By the green baize door he suddenly stiffened at the sound of voices.

There was a man's voice, menacing in tone, and somewhere at the back the voice of a woman, high and arrogant. Moving without a sound the colonel reached the stairs and saw a light under the door of a room beyond. A peculiar sense of action, of elation, moved him, and a change came over his face as he paused to consider a plan.

The colonel was not often moved by emotion, but now in some odd way his thoughts were going back to India and an occasion when something had come along to lift him for a brief glimpse into another and wholly strange world. It was as if his usual phlegmatic self had fallen away, and a new man was looking out into a new world. For the colonel, like most of his type, was at heart a simple man fundamentally chary of women.

It had been a girl, of course, and the officers and their ladies were leaving the mess after a ball. Sikh bearers had lit their torches and a procession was winding across the compound in the black velvet of the night to the lines where the cars were parked. A lot of unremarkable detail made up the picture which had lasted in the colonel's mind for the rest of his life.

There were the figures and the music, a chain of red splashes from the torches and the chink of bits in the mouths of the cavalry horses and the peculiar spicy smell of the Plains. It was like a slowly moving picture trailing across the night, for the colonel—then a very young subaltern—was in the deep shadows on a veranda; and, to his astonishment and secret embarrassment; a girl was in his arms.

The colonel had never seen this girl before that evening, but he had had most of the dances with her and it was she who opened a gate for him into another world. It was just one of those things: the right time, the right mood, the right atmosphere of leaving next morning at dawn for an escort duty up the Pass—but for the colonel it was something different that he had treasured all his life. By the time he got back, the girl, to his horror, had died of typhus and he had never wanted to look at another woman again.

NOW, as he watched under the stairs, something of the same momentousness gripped him. If your life is empty and there isn't much for a fellow to do, perhaps you are open to the vivid insistence of something that may be worth while. The snarl of the man's voice was followed by the woman's contemptuous reply, and the colonel swung his light round to pick up a poker from the huge grate, and then trod quickly over the hall.

When he pushed open the door he almost fell over a young man who must have been leaning back against the jamb. *"Here's another!"* the youth shouted, and, as the colonel swung at him, leapt aside.

In that instant the colonel saw a tall woman with white hair and level blue eyes seated on the sofa, hands crossed in her lap, and the gunman who stood over her.

What happened then was almost

The colonel brought the poker down like a sabre. And then he realized what had happened to his arm

too quick for the colonel to see. The young thug near him seemed to move only a little closer and sweep his arm round in an odd sort of curve. The colonel raised his shoulder to protect his head. He received a glancing blow that stung him, but with a sabre-like cut he struck the other down with a poker. The young man dropped like a sack, and it was only then that the colonel realized his arm had been badly slashed by a razor. His left hand came away red and he hastily gripped his arm again to stop the bleeding.

"Stand back against that wall, buddy!" the man with the gun warned. "Just for that I'm going to plug you anyway."

"I'll stand where I please!" the colonel said. "Drop that pistol—d'ye hear?"

The man moved round cautiously to get the other against a better background but the woman on the sofa jumped up. "Colonel Fossiter," she said.

"I'm at your service, ma'am. Don't be worried about this, please. I assure you there's nothing to worry about."

Miss Ponsonby held his eye levelly. "They locked my housekeeper in her room after scaring her practically to death, and when I saw them I found they were cutting my pictures out of their frames in the long gallery."

"Cut the cackle!" the gunman shouted.

"They were proposing to tie me up when you arrived."

The colonel looked at the man on the floor. It did not seem likely there would be any more trouble from him. But there was this callow youth with a gun. "Couldn't you find anything better to do than rob houses and attack women? Is that the way you young men do your fighting?"

The gun moved over to cover the colonel's stomach.

"Keep as far away from me as possible, dear lady," the colonel said.

"Listen you! I've got one stiff against me so what do I care if it's two."

"Nothing, presumably." The colonel smiled reassuringly at his hostess. "Don't worry, ma'am. This is nothing but talk. The young men of today——"

"Colonel Fossiter, please. Don't on my behalf——"

"Shut up," the colonel said sharply. "I'll take you first laddie."

"Colonel Fossiter!"

WITH the poker poised he moved forward as if on parade, unhurried and mechanically. "Stand back!" the youth screamed, but the colonel still came on. His face had a blank look and his other hand was pressed tight on his blood-soaked arm. Instead of walking into the muzzle of a heavy automatic he might have been walking up to a ticket office or pillar-box.

He had reached almost within striking distance when a roaring flash seemed to go off right in his face. The colonel reeled under the impact of another blow on his injured shoulder but it took more than that to stop a fellow who had been through the Somme in 1916; the colonel's knees were groggy and his eyesight a little blurred but he managed to cut the other down, left and right, with the poker, and as he fell, to pick up the pistol.

"No guts," he said. "The first World War thinned out the breed, dear lady." His voice sounded strange, even to himself, and the room had a tendency to spin. He found, to his embarrassment, that he was sitting on the sofa, and that Miss Ponsonby was now slipping the jacket from his shoulder. The colonel tried to focus his eyes. He could see that her skin was fine and petal-soft and her fingers long. It was many years since he had been as close to any woman as he was now. He could see that her lashes were long and that the only trace of excitement she showed was a touch of high colour in each cheek.

"I'll have to try to bandage you," she said.

Miss Ponsonby was looking at him in a way that moved the colonel curiously. He could almost feel himself flushing. Embarrassed, he tried to turn round to keep an eye on the second unconscious gunman.

"You must keep still, Colonel, if I'm to try to stop you bleeding." She was working with a handkerchief, knotting it tight and tearing away the sleeve of his shirt to bind him again.

A very queer thing happened to the colonel then. Perhaps he was a little lightheaded from the loss of blood, but at the feel of her hands on his arm his heart gave a leap. He fancied that the spicy smell of the Plains was in his nostrils again and that he could hear them playing "John Peel" for the last dance in the mess. . . .

"The thugs," he said, half aloud, for in a vague, confused way he now imagined that the rapacity of modern times had robbed him of all this, too. "Robbers. Scum."

"Who?"

"I beg your pardon," he apologized, bringing himself back. He would have liked to see a modern girl calmly bandaging him like this, as if this were an everyday affair like pouring out tea.

He noticed now that Miss Ponsonby was looking at him quietly and steadily with something unusual in her eyes. Fine-looking woman, the colonel thought. Wonder why she never married. Lost someone in the war for certain. For the colonel there was only one war.

He shifted the pistol and held it on his knee. "You haven't a telephone?"

"No. The housekeeper is shut up with the dogs."

"Well, this is quite a situation," the colonel said. "But nothing to worry about, I assure you."

He smiled a little frostily and she dropped her eyes.

"I was thinking, Colonel," she said, "that I'd almost forgotten what a real man looked like."

The colonel was intensely embarrassed. He cleared his throat noisily, yet a feeling of tenderness, of deep humility softened the lines time had ploughed into his face.

"Been neighbours for years," he said gruffly.

She looked up, and to the colonel she seemed almost demure. "Of course, I have seen you about in the woods from time to time, but——"

"Seen you, too, ma'am, but I never presumed. . . ."

He found it hard to finish. Something between them was very disturbing to the colonel, something electric in the atmosphere he thought he'd forgotten.

"I must call on you one of these days," she said. "I think I might risk it at my age."

In an agony of embarrassment the colonel changed the dangerous topic. "Ought to let your woman out—she'll think you've been murdered."

"I expect she's still under the bedclothes."

"Send her for the police."

"She'd be too scared to poke her nose outside the house."

"I hadn't thought of that, ma'am," the colonel said. One of the gunmen was stirring, groaning a little. He was about to think up another move when a thunderous knocking at the front door echoed through the house.

"That will be the police," he said. "More sense than I gave them credit for. I telephoned from my cottage before I stepped over to investigate."

Miss Ponsonby got to her feet and stood for a moment indecisive. "Colonel," she said. "Before I open the door and let them in——"

"By your leave, ma'am. It was nothing." He stood up, too. In spite of the lines in his face he made an impressive figure, straight and stiff and youthful.

"I'll get the fellows to run me to some place where they can fix me up. Don't feel much like walking all over the place tonight."

When the police came into the house he walked out and got into the car. The colonel was feeling a little tired. He was not as young as he used to be and he now felt he could safely leave the police in charge.

THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Cattle judge Alex Anderson (left) with a £4,000 shorthorn. Though weighting a bull's horns for a show is allowed, disguising his bad points isn't

Outsmarting the cattle crooks

by WARREN HARRIS

Prize specimen or champion fraud? The cattle show judge must look for blown-up muscles and wax features—or a bull with a set of false teeth

ALEXANDER ANDERSON'S father could not afford to buy him toys. Farming in Aberdeenshire forty-five years ago was a lean and hungry business, and young Alex had to improvise games of his own. He cut out pictures of fat cattle from the agricultural weeklies, mounted them on cardboard, and held livestock shows on the nursery floor. By the time he was ten, his father was so impressed by his progress that he was taking Alex all over Scotland, testing out his judgment at the annual sales.

This is one reason why Alex, now a portly, ruddy-cheeked cattle breeder of fifty, would step into the show ring at the Royal Agricultural Show at Oxford, with very few illusions about the task awaiting him as a judge of beef shorthorns. "A cattle judge," says Alex, "can *never* start too young. His judgment depends not only on natural intuition, but on years of experience as well."

Anderson has been breeding beef shorthorns on his 500-acre farm at Laurencekirk, Kincardineshire, for the past twenty years. His herd, approximately sixty strong, has included such noted prizewinners as Bapton Commando, who sired over £30,000 worth of stock and won prizes on three continents. But with transport costs and entry fees often totalling £50 a week, a breeder can find showing too costly. His reputation in the shorthorn world established, Anderson has confined himself to judging for the past twelve years.

Top Of The Class

Of the 100-odd shows at which Anderson has judged, the Royal is by far the most important. Originally started in 1839 to encourage higher standards among livestock breeders, it has become the biggest three-day show of its kind in the world, with more than 700 classes of livestock competing for over £20,000 worth of prize money. Though the top prize in any class is no more than £15, the prestige that goes with a Royal award is incalculable. A champion bull, for instance, originally valued at 7,000 guineas, may change hands shortly afterwards for double that sum, and a good percentage of all prize bulls are exported to found new herds in America and the Argentine. "The cattle judge's responsibility," Anderson stresses, "is tremendous."

At an average "Royal," the cattle-judging programme is spread over an eight-hour day, with approximately twenty-five judges, each of them nominated by their respective breed societies, split up among 200 classes of cattle. Methods vary considerably from judge to judge. Anderson himself, as sole judge of eight separate varieties of beef shorthorn, ranging from three-year-old bulls to one-year-old heifers, with anything up to seventy contenders, first parades the animals round the ring half a dozen times to get an idea of their general bearing. Then he indicates a provisional order of merit and the herdsmen line up their animals accordingly. After that, Anderson makes a detailed ten-minute inspection of each beast before finally announcing the winners.

"It's just like a bathing beauty contest," he explains. "My choice is entirely personal, and another judge might completely disagree with me. One year, at the Royal Highland Show, I placed three bulls well above the others and gave them prizes. The next year they were entered again, but I wasn't judging. They got only fourth, fifth and sixth places."

So far as shorthorn bulls are concerned, Anderson invariably places most emphasis on character—"a strong masculine appearance, with a short head, held well up, and plenty of width between the eyes." Other "musts" are short, flat horns, a sloping shoulder and a broad, straight back, with the feet planted firmly on the ground and set well apart.

But, since these points are common knowledge among most breeders, a judge's biggest problem, at the Royal and every other cattle show, is that of faking. No bull is likely to win a prize, for example, if it has any hollow spaces or depressions in its loins or around its haunches, and some breeders, in the past, have made clever use of modelling wax to disguise these defects. The only drawback to this is that a winner is invariably on show in its stall for three days after the award has been made. Anderson recalls one fraud that was discovered after the judging because the bull, scraping against the side of its pen, rubbed the wax clean away.

Got Under Its Skin

Other well-tried methods with which most judges are familiar include passing the blade of a paper-knife or spatula, dipped in diluted acid, beneath the skin of an animal's back (to raise a swelling and level out any dips or hollows) and creating temporary "muscles" through injecting air with a hypodermic needle. Recently, however, Anderson came across a completely new method which got within an ace of succeeding.

The bull in this case had, in the past, carried off a number of "seconds," but there were several hollows or dips in its hindquarters that had always prevented it winning a "first." The breeder decided to put this right by injecting turpentine under its skin, setting up an irritation in the muscles of the loins and haunches and causing them to swell.

When it came up before the judge the bull not only won several "firsts" but the championship of the show as well—but forty-eight hours later the results of the treatment were beginning to show. The breeder had reckoned without the abscess-forming properties of turpentine; the bull's hindquarters were now swollen and puffy, and even the herdsman in charge of the stall had thrown in his hand, declaring that the smell of "furniture polish" was too much for him. A vet who realized what had

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Last lap of my stolen journey

by OLIVER PHILPOT

I'd tunnelled my way out of a p.o.w. camp, tricked the Gestapo, travelled in disguise across hundreds of miles of enemy country to board this neutral ship. And now, here was the captain ordering me off—back to the Germans . . .

"Sorry," said the captain, "it's not worth my while to be hanged by the Gestapo for £500"

"YOU MUST L-LEAVE this s-ship," stammered the Swede. "No," I said, "that's impossible. Surely it's safe enough for you to take me to Sweden." The steward shook his head. "N-n-no. . . ." he stammered again. "But no one has seen me come on board," I insisted, and at that moment another man appeared. He seemed to be the first mate. He was short, stout, and clad in a dark-blue uniform with a big array of stripes on his sleeve.

Some quick-fire Swedish talk ensued. Both men looked at me. I began my story again. Very shortly a third man came. He was taller, rather pale-faced, and a thoughtful type—the chief engineer. The discussion went on, with me saying who I was, and how I had to get to Sweden. They talked a lot and their conclusion was that the problem was apparently insoluble. I couldn't go in that ship. Anyway, it rested with the captain.

The captain then appeared. He stood out with the other three in the passage-way. He had a rugged face, with rather bushy eyebrows. Everybody listened to what he had to say. "Who are you?" he asked me, roughly, but not unkindly. "An English airman," I replied, and we carried on in a mixture of English and German, mostly the former.

"You cannot stay here."

"But I have escaped from a prison camp."

"That does not matter."

"I have been there for two years. Now at last I have escaped."

"That is perhaps good—but you cannot stay on this ship."

"But I *must* get to Sweden," I said. "Why worry?" replied the captain. "The war will be over in three months. The British are in Rome." This was news to me, and was in fact much too premature.

The others were following the conversation closely. I went on. "I have heard that ships sometimes take prisoners to Sweden."

"Oh?"

"Yes. It surely is a good thing to be friends with the British?" I said. The captain shrugged. "Maybe . . . but you must leave this ship. I'm sorry." He started to move away. "Look," I said, "the British Government will reward you if you take me. They will give you two hundred pounds." "It is not worth it," replied the captain shaking his head again. "Well . . . they will give you *five* hundred pounds," I said, quickly going to my authorized limit. "*Five . . . hundred . . . pounds,*" I repeated, slowly and distinctly. I felt that I must go on talking. Somehow, somewhere, there must surely be a chink in their armour.

"No."

"But it is a lot of money."

"Yes . . . but it is not worth my while to be hanged by the Gestapo for five hundred pounds."

"But they don't know."

"They will find out."

A Desperate Situation

The others shrugged their shoulders and looked at the floor or the ceiling. The captain went on. "You must leave this ship." The situation was getting desperate for me. "Look, Captain," I said, "you just forget me. You have never seen me. I will disappear."

"No, you must leave this ship. There is another Swedish ship in the dock only a few hundred yards away. It goes before we do; it sails tomorrow. We do not go till Tuesday morning. It is now Sunday evening."

"But I can't go walking about the dock like that. It's full of sentries."

"Well, that's what you must do. Find another ship."

"Captain, as I say, the German sentries have not seen me. If I am caught I will say that I have never spoken to you or any of the others here—never even seen you. I will disappear. You just leave me." I intended to hide in the coal. The idea of leaving the *Aralizz* was crazy.

At that juncture the captain moved away and the other two began to disperse. I looked at the steward and he looked at me. There was not much to say, now. I waited a few seconds to see if the captain had walked the few paces necessary to lean over the rail and to call aboard the German guard. If he was doing so, he was being very quiet about it.

I left the cabin and walked out on to the deck—looking to see how to get down into the coal. As I left the corridor the chief engineer appeared from the shadows. There was a box thing, with a ladder in it leading below somewhere. He said nothing, but pointed at it with his finger. The shadows swallowed him up again.

I arrived in a dimly lit place in the middle of the ship. There was a big open hatch space where coal was. I sat down on the floor and looked about me. As I rested there was a sound of an avalanche. It was the coal being disgorged from the grab. It rattled and crunched down a metal shute close at hand. The avalanche ceased, and then I could hear just a few individual lumps of coal rolling down the heap on their own, settling themselves down as it were.

Well, there was the coal, and I had better get into it. I felt that the captain was not going to get me arrested, but that was very different from thinking that he was going to help me. I found a little side bunker which seemed about three-quarters full of coal. In the hopes that this had had its quota, or, if not, that I might hear the grab in time to nip out quickly, I entered it. The coal lay in a steep slope. I went near the

bottom, as far from the entrance as possible. I started to dig a cave in it. The coal heap immediately collapsed.

Suddenly a torch shone and I lay still. It shone on me, then waved about and I could see a little Swedish sailor. We had little language in common, but he made covering gestures and clearly meant me to get into the coal. He then left me. I next tried to dig myself a shallow grave in which I could cover myself. Again it fell in. I then attempted to cover my feet, lump by lump, then my knees, and to work upwards like that. After twenty minutes the knobbly weight on my legs became an agony. It was still only Sunday night, and the search by the German dock sentries would be on Tuesday morning. It was no good; I struggled free.

I ended up, after some hours, by feeling in the darkness for specially big lumps and grouping these beside and over my body. I could make bridges with them. It was a fair compromise. I lay on the slope, and I piled a heap of big lumps above my head to cover it and my shoulders nearer the time of the search. If a guard glanced in and shone his torch, I *might* survive. If he walked about the bunker or sent his dog in, I would be finished.

Suddenly a torch flashed again. Nine hours had passed since I had entered the bunker and this might be anybody—friend or foe. I released the heap to fall, with a terrible rumbling noise, over my head and shoulders, and lay still. It was my Swedish sailor friend. I emerged, thankfully. I waved my hands at the sailor. I showed how impossible it was to cover myself efficiently. I would be found immediately. Coal was no good. He nodded and looked sympathetic. "Come—come!" he said suddenly.

Locked Inside A Tank

We passed together through various parts of the ship, and down endless vertical steel ladders past engines and machinery until we came to the lowest level of all. The route and time had clearly been chosen to avoid other people. We threaded our way through an opening to the furnaces, and then, opposite them, through a tiny door in a metal wall. There, down on the murky floor, was a large oval plate. It was screwed firmly in position by a number of big bolts. My friend took a large spanner and undid the nuts one after another. He then heaved the plate to one side, and we both looked into the utterly black hole revealed. He made inviting gestures.

I went over the motions of breathing several times, at which he nodded.

"Air . . . air . . . good?"

"Air . . . O.K.," said the sailor.

I got into the tank, waved to him and tapped my Rolex, to show that he was not to forget me. He smiled and nodded. I ducked my head down and crouched low. The Swede heaved the plate into position and I heard him screwing the nuts down tight, one after another.

I could crawl in this tank and there were numerous partitions running down it, with circular corridors running through the partitions. It might have measured thirty feet by fifteen in all, but it was difficult to tell. It was at the very bottom of the ship. The plates upon which I crawled were next to the water, I judged. They were very cold indeed.

The floor had a little covering of water, which was also cold. As I crawled about there was suddenly a hiss and a splutter—like a faulty tap clearing itself when water at last forces its way through. Of course—my Swedish sailor had gone off duty, had not told anyone I was there, and now some other sailor was filling the tank with water or oil, or something! This was really the end. I listened in horror. But after a few splutters, as a result of which I thought that the puddle level had risen, there were no more.

Hours passed. I squatted. I sat on my hands. I crawled. I stayed still again. Then there came the sound of the nuts being undone. Now the plate was lifted off. I waited. Germanic "hallo's"? No, it was my Swede's voice. I answered, and crawled towards his torch which was poked down into the tank.

"Here. You eat."

"Thanks very much." I took a slab of a sandwich from him and a beer bottle full of water. "When do we go? Sail soon?"

"Yes . . . not . . . long." The torch and friendly head disappeared. The plate was screwed down again. All seemed well. I was really going to escape. There was nothing at all to do but to eat, drink, trust the Swede, and calculate the time of day—or was it night? It was easy to get confused. The Rolex went on and on. I kept accurate track of Monday, but had to concentrate hard when the early hours of Tuesday morning came. Luckily the air remained good.

Like A Mad Creature

At eight o'clock I heard what I was waiting for—the ship's engine-room telegraph. "Cling-cling"—no, I was dreaming. But there it was again: "Cling-cling!" My vessel was casting off. My neutral ship was setting sail with me in it, for Sweden. It was actually going; I could hear the "thump-thump, thump-thump," of engines. I was leaving Germany—the escape had succeeded! I muttered and whispered to myself like a mad creature, in my oily dungeon. "Wizard! Wizard! Magnificent! Done it!" and so on—utter gibberish . . . and shifting from first sitting on one hand on the cold plates then on to the other . . . hopelessly restless . . . thinking, saying, only a few things: "Made it! I've made it! Escaped!"

The engine vibrations settled down to a steady rhythm, and with every turn of the screw I was getting farther and farther away from Germany. So much for the bloody *Heimat*, I thought. After a time the Swedish sailor opened up my tank again. He helped me out. I stretched myself thankfully after twenty-six hours. I grinned and he smiled back, but rather furtively. He still wanted me to be careful, it appeared. He led me aloft, up some ladders. Nobody was about.

My next hiding place was a little low space four feet high where some neighbouring machinery had made such a mess that the floor was thick with oil and grease. The Swedish sailor produced two wooden planks for me to place on the floor, and then to sit on. I stayed put for some hours and was then moved to an odd-job cabin, full of tins of paint, brushes and engineer's stores. The chief engineer appeared. He smiled and shut the door behind him.

"May I go on deck?" I asked.

"No, it is too soon," said the chief engineer. "And when you do come out you must say that you were in the coal."

"In the coal?"

"Yes—in a bunker . . . you knocked on the side . . . the sailor heard you . . . fetched me . . . and we released you."

"O.K.—that's all right."

"You must say nothing about the tank."

"No—no—I won't." I settled down to some hours in the cabin. It was warm and dry. I was content enough. Later, the chief engineer, who told me his name was Monson, came in again. "Now I take you to the captain . . . you remember about the coal bunker?"

"Oh, yes—yes, of course."

On the way up we passed several members of the crew, who stared at me amazed. It was about midnight on Tuesday, November 2, but not so dark that I could not see a black shape over on the port side which could only be the shore. The shore of Sweden! I followed the chief engineer up the steep steps to the bridge. There was Swedish conversation. A figure appeared—the captain. "Hallo," he said. "You still here?"

"Yes, sir, I am." And I explained all about the coal bunker. He listened without comment and at the end told Monson to let me wash and then to give me food. He was friendly. Respects having been paid I was led to a cabin where there were washing facilities. As I looked into a mirror I realized why the crew had stared at me so. I was black from head to foot, like a made-up black man on the stage, with the whites of my eyes being the only light bit of colouring. Monson gave me some petrol, and for an hour

End of the journey: Oliver Philpot today with his family at their home in Chislehurst, Kent

I struggled away, getting rid of the upper crust of filth. He then took me to his own cabin. I slept well that night in a comfortable settee bunk.

In the morning, Wednesday, I was a much more popular figure with the *Aralizz* crew than I was on the Sunday night. The first mate looked up from his breakfast. "Last time we saw you . . . you were not very welcome!"

"No, I know."

"You came out too soon . . . it is dangerous in Germany . . . but now it is all right. . . . I hope you have a good trip. . . . Now eat a good breakfast."

Coffee, rolls, butter and jam appeared. My steward brought them. He was grinning hard now. His stutter was apparently natural—had nothing to do with being mixed up with escape operations in Danzig. Everybody was very friendly. It was like being an honoured guest.

After lunch I sat with Monson in his comfortable cabin. As we talked a sailor knocked on the door, left some packets and things, and went away quickly. Several packets of cigarettes, some sweets, and forty-five kronor subscribed by eight members of the crew were there—for me. They had all signed a bit of paper, with something written in Swedish about the English flier who escaped from *Tyskland*—Germany. I was very touched by this gift.

Handed Over To The Police

In the evening Monson said that it wasn't worth my going to bed because we would dock that night, Wednesday, November 3, at Södertalje, just south of Stockholm. This we did at midnight. I was lying on the settee when I looked up and there in the doorway was a large policeman. Behind him was another. They were both Swedish, and both wore revolvers. They nodded politely and said something.

"You must go with them," said Monson.

I shook hands with him, and thanked him for all his help. He said I needn't worry: the police would be reasonable and friendly. I walked out between the two. At the gang-plank stood the captain. We shook hands, and he grinned.

As I walked along I admired the brilliant electric lighting of the streets. Soon we arrived at a police station and I was led inside. There were some obvious questions; the answers were recorded in a big book. Then they asked if I had fed, and after I had said "Yes" to this I was led to a cell and locked up for the night.

Next day, after lunch, I left the station accompanied by a friendly policeman in plain clothes. After a journey in an electric train we arrived at Stockholm. I found myself in an office building, saying goodbye to my escort, and signing some forms for a Swedish official. When this was done he looked up and smiled. "Now you are free to go to the British Legation," he said, and came down and put me alone in a taxi. The car drove off. We headed out of the centre of the city of Stockholm to a residential quarter.

The car drew up. The driver opened the door. He may have asked me for his fare—I never knew. I was looking at the building in front of me. It had a plate on it, by the door. As I walked up towards it—almost in a trance—I read the words: BRITISH LEGATION.

"I'm in the R.A.F.," I said to the porter inside the Legation. "I've come from Germany . . . from a prison camp, Stalag Luft III." He looked at me closely, got me to sign a book, and courteously put me in a little waiting-room. In a few minutes he returned. He led me into a small office. The air attaché rose to greet me. He wore a well-cut blue civilian suit. He was a small man, with a shrewd, friendly face. "Delighted to see you," he said, shaking my hand. "Congratulations." I sat down at the side of his desk. He introduced himself as Group Captain Maycock.

"Now which camp were you at?"

"Stalag Luft III, sir."

"Oh, I don't think we've ever had anybody who has escaped from there."

"No, I don't think you have. No one's ever got through before—unless two friends of mine have turned up in the last few days."

"Not so far."

"And what was your squadron in England?"

"Forty-two."

"Let me see, who was the C.O. of that?"

"Wing Commander Faville, and later Wing Commander Gibson," I replied. And so it went on. It was all very pleasant, but he was testing me, which was, of course, his job. Let him see—Faville's Christian name—he had it on the tip of his tongue—had heard of him—was——? I filled the gap with "Roy." I was shot down, when? Type of aircraft? Type of operation? Where were my crew? How many? How did I escape. A horse? What did I mean a horse—oh, a vaulting horse? And then I took trains across Germany? Express trains, indeed? And how did I find my ship?

Blonde At The Perfume Counter

As we conversed I felt more and more that he was accepting me and our conversation became casual and friendly. I still reeked of petrol and oil, and wherever my suit touched there was left a black, oily patch. "Now," said the attaché, "we must get you fixed up with clothes." He summoned a pleasant and obliging office manager he had, called Stairs.

Stairs and I went out. "We haven't much time," he said, "it's twenty past five and the shops close at six." We went off through the brightly lit streets in a large taxi to a department store the size of Selfridge's. We entered a vast Aladdin's cave full of good and glittering things. "You need washing things first," said Stairs, who had been joined by a tall, efficient store manageress who was ready with her order book.

"Razor?"

"Yes—fine."

"Shaving soap . . . sponge . . . shaving brush. . . ." He looked at me and then talked away in Swedish. "And some ordinary soap?" He turned to me. I didn't hear at first. There, by the soap and perfume counter was the blonde embodiment of femininity as dreamt of by every p.o.w. on his wooden bunk. "Oh—yes," I said at last, "soap, yes . . . that's fine." Stairs looked at his shopping list and briskly led me away from the exotic soap and perfumery counter.

It was extraordinary how much you could buy in a short time. Vests, shirts, silk pyjamas—a nice plum red, piped with blue—and all the rest. Stairs seemed to be totalling the figures all the time and looking worried. The manageress looked the reverse of worried. How did I spell my name? And should they send them round now? If my suit didn't fit would I be sure to come back for refitting? Which hotel was it? Stairs emerged from his world of vulgar mathematics with a start. "Excelsior . . . Hotel Excelsior."

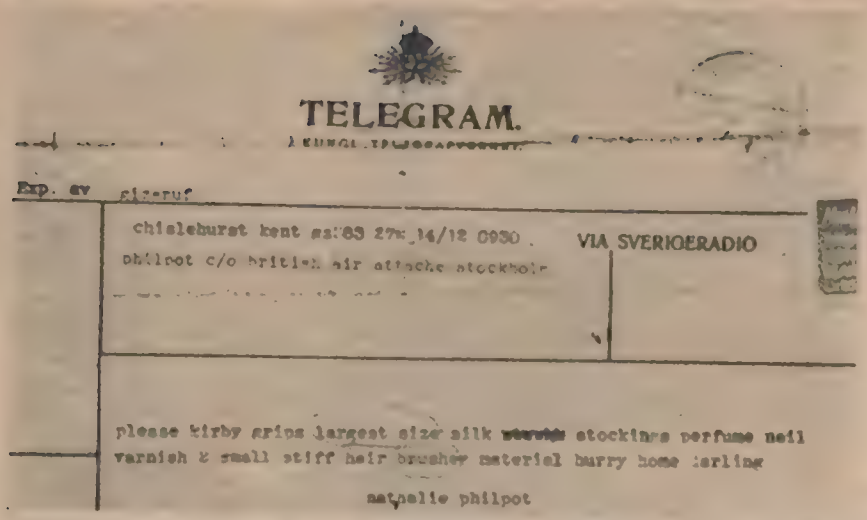
Back at the Legation they said they'd sent my cable to my wife: "Arrived in Sweden. Safe and well. Home soon." After an excellent dinner with one of the Legation staff I went to the Hotel Excelsior. In my room I switched the various lights on and off, pulled open the curtains and let the light stream out. I felt the soft bed and the clean sheets on which lay my plum-coloured pyjamas. I went for a minute in the cold night air on the balcony and surveyed the bright lights of the Stockholm street. Freedom was good.

The days that followed were busy ones—shopping for presents for my wife, Nathalie, and my twin daughters, parties to attend, reports to write, and trips to make in and around Stockholm. Then, on November 13, I got a phone call from the military attaché.

"There are a couple of friends of yours here who want to see you," he said. "Oh . . . I'll come as soon as I can," I replied. "Thank you."

At the Legation I knocked on the door of the

First Wooden Horse escapee to land in Sweden was Philpot (centre). Nine days after, in came "Mike" Codner (left) and "Bill" Williams. Happy photo of reunion was taken at a Stockholm hotel



TELEGRAM.

Exp. av

chiselhurst kent 88:89 27% 14/12 0930 . VIA SVERIGERADIO

philpot c/o british air attache stockholm

please kirby grips largest size silk stockings perfume nail varnish 2 small stiff hair brushes materiel burry home darling

natalie philpot

After the congratulations a domestic note. To Philpot's query "What can I bring you back?" came this reply from an austerity Britain

military attaché's office. As I opened it I saw him first, at his desk. He smiled and, waving his hand across the room, said: "I think you have met before." As I came right in I looked in the far corner and there was Bill, and next to him, Mike. Bill had a large polo sweater on, making him look rounder than ever. Mike sat on the edge of a chair, looking perky. They both looked a bit coal-bunkerish.

"Hallo, Ollie," said Bill, grinning.

"Where," said Mike, pointing accusingly at me in my smart clothes, "where did you get that suit?" And we all laughed and shook hands.

Looking back on the scene, I always thought that at least one of the three of us should have said something fairly dramatic at this astounding meeting, but there it was: "Where did you get that suit?" I took them off to see Stairs about clothes. Stairs could hardly believe his eyes and ears. One man from a horse in Stalag Luft III, from which camp no one ever escaped, was unusual enough, but when two others just rolled up with wild stories about Stettin hotels, French helpers, the Danish Underground, a flat in Copenhagen and a Swedish pilot boat, and who also demanded wardrobes—this was uncanny.

Horse—With Three Tails Up

The days flashed busily by. One day I visited a watch shop. I bought a cheap watch, had inscribed on it a rough sketch of a wooden horse, with a head and a grinning face, and three tails well up in the air. A Swede said he could get it through the Red Cross to Jimmie. I learned later that he had—in about ten days. Its symbolism was not lost on the Sagan p.o.w.s, who were pleased.

The British Overseas Airways ran an air service between Scotland and Stockholm. The three of us were all on the flying list and had to ring up daily to see if we were going. Days merged into weeks. We stood by and stood by again. Christmas Day came, and then on Boxing Day I really did go. Having arrived first, I was first on the list to fly.

As the aircraft—a Mosquito—flew over the Norwegian coast, I thought of my old Beaufort down there in the greeny depths below, with fish darting in and out of the roof hatch, and barnacles and weed growing on the instrument panel, and the guns all rusted. That was December, too—December a couple of years ago.

By a strange coincidence the Mosquito landed in Scotland at the R.A.F. Leuchars aerodrome — the very same aerodrome I had left on ops. two years before. I went into the operations room. Inside was the controller's desk and the same old wall maps. I noticed an R.A.F. airman — an ops. room man — start slightly when he saw me. I discovered later that he had been the man who had chalked me up as lost—"O for Orange" (and all its crew) "missing" from a rover patrol.

I looked round the familiar room. Except for the startled airman I did not recognize a single face. People had been posted—or lost.

After talking to the intelligence officer, I left the ops. room feeling like Rip Van Winkle. I was now in a hut somewhere belonging to the British Overseas Airways. A girl in a uniform came to me. She was very charming and was smiling warmly. "Would you like to telephone your people?" she asked.

"Yes, please—my wife."

"Do you remember the number?"

"No . . . I'm afraid I don't. . . . 'Imperial' something or other, I believe she told me in a letter."

"It doesn't matter, we'll get it." She busied herself at the instrument. In a few minutes she got up.

"Here," she said, holding out the telephone towards me, and eyeing the door through which she could quickly make her exit, "we've got your call through, and your 'Imperial' number is on the line now." THE END

Hodder and Stoughton announce that the full book version of "Stolen Journey," by Oliver Philpot, which they are publishing, will appear on sale in September (price 15s.).

New real-life series starts next week

ANTARCTIC ADVENTURE

"WE were on insecure sea-ice miles from base. . . Our plane lay crumpled, a complete write-off. . . . Darkness was closing in on us, snow falling heavily and the wind rising."

This is one of many thrilling episodes described by a young scientist - explorer, Bernard Stonehouse, in his full personal account of three years' adventure and research in the Antarctic.

His fascinating chronicle will start as an exclusive series in JOHN BULL next week.

ANN'S CLASSROOM IS THE WORLD

Continued from page 9

plays Ann, Brenda Cleather, has had marriage proposals from practically every country in Europe; which is ample proof that, despite the views of many teenagers, there is still a widespread masculine demand for old-fashioned virtue.

Another group of characters who have become popular favourites are known as the Brown family, next-door neighbours (in the minds of the script writers) of Ann and her grandfather. The Browns were conceived as a typical English middle-class family, so that the lessons would do two things at once—provide listeners with an easy-to-take language class, and give them an impression of English everyday life.

George Brown, father of the fictional family, is an engineer who travels each day from his home in a London suburb to the City office of his firm. Sometimes his work takes him around Britain, which enables the programme to include descriptions of many parts of the country. A B.B.C. publicity release described him as "a typical family man, interested in his children's work and play, good-natured and energetic. His chief hobbies are gardening and watching a game of football. He was born in England forty-eight years ago." There, for the record, is the man presented to the world as John Bull, 1950.

The Browns Are Britain

His wife, Margaret, is said to be "good-tempered, kindly, and just a little absent-minded." Their eldest son Henry is twenty-one and has just obtained a degree in English at Oxford, where he played rugger and rowed for his college. Brother John is sixteen, attends the nearby grammar school, and has the usual boy's patronizing attitude towards his kid sister, Mary. She is twelve, intelligent, and helpful in the home.

Every aspect of the Browns' behaviour is carefully watched by the script writers, for this session is officially recognized as part of the B.B.C.'s "projection of Britain" to foreign nations. The Browns, their friends and neighbours, are, in fact, Britain to many thousands of listeners, and last Christmas they received greeting cards by the sackful with postmarks from more than twenty different countries.

English by Radio has even tried to cope with the problem of differences in pronunciation between Britain and America. Verdict of the American who spoke on this point recently was that an Englishman who visits America has no difficulty in understanding the speech of a native American in any one of the forty-eight states, but an American in England requires some time before he can understand a London Cockney or a Yorkshireman.

Learning The Natural Way

Guide on pronunciation for the B.B.C. lessons is Professor Daniel Jones, of University College, London, who is a world-acknowledged authority on all matters of phonetics. Another key man who has helped to develop new methods of language teaching by radio is Professor Bruce Pattison, from the Institute of Education at the University of London.

Professor Pattison has been mainly responsible for planning the B.B.C.'s latest innovation, the *Listen and Speak* series, which aims to teach listeners English in much the same way as they have learned to speak their mother tongues. There is no tiresome emphasis on formal grammar. Instead, the pupils learn from the constant repetition of words and phrases which gradually become more complicated as the lessons progress.

Unfortunately, the speed with which these lessons can be written and recorded cannot keep pace with the demand. A quarter of an hour's broadcast may mean a week or more's hard work for the man who prepares it, but it is hoped by the autumn to have them going in French, Italian, Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese and Greek. Versions in Arabic and Far Eastern languages will follow later.

Members of the Danish police force are among the B.B.C.'s regular language students, and there is even a class among prisoners in the Danish state jail at Horsens. In Holland, a big commercial firm gives 150 of its employees time off to listen, so that eventually they will be able to go overseas as the company's representatives in English-speaking countries.

Pupils Who Say "Thank You"

Some months ago, the B.B.C. organized a competition among listeners, asking for suggestions to improve the *English by Radio* programmes. One of the best entries came from a Copenhagen bus driver, who shared first prize with a German engineer and a French schoolteacher. Other good entries came from a taxi driver in the Hague, a business man in Brussels, and a University lecturer in Madrid. The competition showed the wide variety, both in nationality and occupation, of the people who are attending this unusual school.

Although the pupils are numbered in millions, it takes only thirteen people to run the department at Bush House which puts the programmes on the air. Now and then they receive visits from their pupils who have called to say "thank you."

One was a blind German youth who has been able to qualify as an official interpreter; another was an Italian lawyer who, because of his ability to speak English, was chosen to represent his government at an important international conference in Paris and flew to London for a day especially to thank the B.B.C.

Help For The Bomber Crew

A Swedish music teacher came to Bush House to tell them how he had learned English by radio during the war and had been able to help an American bomber crew who crashed near his cottage in the country. "I rushed over to the plane," he said, "with only two thoughts in my mind: Are they alive? and: Will they be able to understand my English? Fortunately they were alive, and they understood me perfectly."

So far, the project has gone from success to success, and the only serious opposition has come from Communist countries. Elsewhere, national radio stations and educational authorities have proved eager co-operators — everywhere, that is, except in Persia. There the B.B.C. struck an unusual snag. Anxious to give something away for nothing, they found the Persians hesitant to accept.

It seemed as inexplicable as the case of the Londoners who wouldn't take gold sovereigns from the man who tried to give them away on Waterloo Bridge. Then they learned the explanation. The Shah had been so pleased with his own foreign language tutor that he had rewarded him with a monopoly of broadcast language lessons, and left the B.B.C. out in the cold. THE END

Man with a twenty-mile stride

by EDWIN PACKER

Anybody can walk, thinks Lloyd Johnson. But not every man of fifty can leg it at nearly seven m.p.h.

IN APRIL THIS YEAR fifty-year-old T. Lloyd Johnson, a lithe six-footer with an aquiline nose and ready smile, won the Midland twenty-mile road walking championship for the third year in succession. His time for the course was 2 hours 58 minutes 52 seconds, and he beat fifty-one competitors, many younger than himself.

Road-walking enthusiasts were not surprised at the result, for Lloyd Johnson, of Leicester, is the outstanding personality in the sport today. In thirty years of stepping it out he has won more than 300 trophies and has twice represented Great Britain at the Olympic Games.

Flat Tyre Led To Fame

Lloyd did not begin road walking until he was twenty-one, and but for a flat tyre he might never have achieved prominence as an athlete.

"I went to work on a cycle in those days so that I could get home for meals," he recalls. "One lunch hour I found my front tyre was flat, so I decided to leg it home as fast as I could.

"I tagged along behind Fred Preston, a well-known walker who lived near me and who worked at the same place. I knew that if I could keep up with him I should do it in time. On the way home Fred kept looking round to see who was pattering behind him, and finally he asked me why I was tailing him. I told him. He complimented me on my walking prowess and asked me to join the walking club. I wasn't interested."

But Fred Preston, knowing he had discovered a gifted walker, would not let the idea drop. It took several months of cajolery before he could persuade Lloyd to join the walking section of the Leicester Harriers, forerunner of the Leicester Walking Club. Lloyd well remembers the first training stroll he did in walking strip. "Fred gave me three minutes' start and promised that when we were out of the town he'd draw level and give me a few tips. He never caught me up," says Lloyd with a chuckle.

The Guards Wore Boots

Enthusiasts claim that the sport is not heavy on the purse. Size ten race-walking shoes with soft kid uppers and leather soles, costing three guineas a pair, are the most expensive item of Lloyd Johnson's equipment. Even these are a refinement which many road walkers do not bother about. Singlet and shorts and a pair of comfortable everyday shoes provide the average club member with his kit.

Occasionally boots are worn. This happened, for instance, in 1946 when a training battalion of the Coldstream Guards took part in a ten-mile walking match against the Surrey Club. The brasshats insisted that the Guardsmen wear their Army boots, and to compensate the soldiers the Surreyites handicapped themselves seventy-five seconds for every mile of the race.

Johnson dare not go all out, or he may break the "lifting" rule

Walking, as defined in the rules of the Road Walking Association and the Amateur Athletic Association, is "a progression of steps so taken that unbroken contact with the ground is maintained." A road walker must therefore have part of his leading foot on the ground before the other leaves it. If this rule is broken the athlete is no longer walking, he has started to trot—"lifting" as it is known in the sport—and will be disqualified if one of the judges along the route sees him.

"A road walker dare not go 'all out' or he will find himself breaking this rule," says Lloyd, "so the sport teaches self-control as well as providing exercise." This self-control means that road walkers usually have something in reserve when they finish a race. Rarely is a competitor in distress, and the powers of recovery are remarkable. Half an hour after finishing a twenty-mile walk, Lloyd Johnson can be digging his garden, feeling none the worse for his exertions. It is one of the reasons why he is still in the front rank of athletes at the age of fifty.

The judges like to get a worm's-eye view of competitors. Some walkers have mannerisms—a jerk of the head or an exaggerated arm movement—which might lead an observer to think they were "lifting." Officials pay no attention to these idiosyncrasies, but concentrate on watching the feet. A favourite place for a judge is in a ditch on a downhill part of the course. Any tendency to "lift" will show itself on a downhill stretch, and if the judge's eye is on a level with the walkers' feet he can the better watch for a violation of the rule.

When a breach of the rules is observed the judge calls out the competitor's number and the unlucky athlete retires. Lloyd was once so intent on the race that he did not hear his number called when he was seen to be "lifting." This happened in the R.W.A. Olympic trial walk of fifty kilometres (thirty-one miles) in 1936. Lloyd put on a spurt after twenty-eight miles and drew level with the leader, Harold Whitlock. A neck-and-neck struggle followed, Whitlock breasting the tape four seconds before Lloyd Johnson. Then word came in from one of the judges along the route that he had disqualified Lloyd for "lifting." In spite of this, Lloyd was chosen for the Olympic team.

Climax In September

Walking is an all-the-year-round sport. The season opens in October and until December distances are limited to about seven miles. From Christmas until March ten-mile races prevail, and in April the walkers divide themselves into sprinters and long-distance men. The sprinters concentrate on two- to seven-mile track walks, while the long-distance enthusiasts increase their road mileage to twenty. The national and area twenty-mile championships are held at this time. The fifty-kilometre races start in June and last until September.

The famous Stock Exchange London to Brighton walk, held at the end of April or the beginning of May, does not conform to this seasonal timetable. When the event was instituted in 1903 it was held on May 1, a holiday in those days, and the tradition has persisted.

Lloyd believes in fresh air, plenty of sleep and a great deal of fresh fruit for the athlete in training, but he is not dogmatic on the subject of diet. "What's good for the goose is not necessarily good for the gander," he says. "The Americans train on steaks and the Koreans on cabbage, but I think athletes do not experiment enough with their diet. Often the man who believes in eggs and milk before a race will find, when he is unable to obtain them, that he does just as well on bread and honey."

Salad And Honey Diet

Before the war, Lloyd trained on sherry and eggs, with chops or a steak three hours before the race started. But on one occasion last year, when he was taking part in a fifty-kilometre race, he was unable to find a restaurant which would serve him with this meat course at eleven o'clock in the morning. He had to make do with a salad eaten at a snack bar. After the race—which he won—he told his friends he had never felt better in his life. Nowadays his pre-race meal is salad with bread and honey.

Road walkers are allowed to take refreshment during a race only if the distance is fifteen miles or more, and nothing must be taken during the first seven miles. The choice of food and drink consumed on a long-distance race is as varied as the colours of the competitors' singlets and shorts and their styles of walking. Some men like calves-foot jelly, others insist on rice pudding. Lloyd Johnson prefers a spoonful of honey

RYVITA
for GO!
Hard-boiled eggs with Ryvita — the ideal breakfast.
Cheese and Ryvita, a wonderful roadside snack.
Here's rye — the energy food — at its most delicious! Remember it's RYE for vitality — and Ryvita is all of the rye. Ryvita, the oven-fresh crispbread, makes tasty foods tastier still.
GET RYVITA TODAY!
21 BIG PIECES
ONE SHILLING

and a drink made up of lemonade (to quench) with glucose (for energy) and a spoonful of salt (to replace mineral salts lost by perspiring) added. On a hot day he likes to have a bucketful of cold water poured over him in the last stages of the race. It gives him renewed energy for the final burst.

Harold Whitlock, who is possibly the greatest walker of all time, tells of the battle he had with Lloyd Johnson in the Croydon fifty-kilometres some years ago. "On the last seven-mile lap I got well away from Lloyd at Farley Common, and friends who were watching the race departed at this point, telling everyone I had won. But Lloyd received his tonic of a pail of cold water at the Common, and with a wet sail he overhauled me soon after passing Selsdon Gates. He beat me in the last mile and a half by one and a half minutes. I don't believe any walker living could have held him."

Drenching By Hosepipe

The hottest day Lloyd can remember was in 1935, when he took part in a twenty-five kilometres race in France at the invitation of the Racing Club de Paris. He had not arranged for his customary bucket of water, and tried to make himself understood by calling out, "Eau! Eau!" in his best French accent, accompanied by appropriate gestures. The spectators did not connect the noise he was making with their word for water, and were surprised that a man who seemed to be in pain should walk so well. It was not until Lloyd passed a motorist who was washing down his car that he was able to get a drenching—and then the force of water from the hosepipe sent him staggering across the road.

"No one can truthfully say he is no good at sport unless he has tried road walking," says Lloyd. "Some people don't like physical contact, so they avoid boxing and wrestling. Others lack the eye and muscle co-ordination necessary for ball games. But everyone has the ability to walk—it's one of the first things we learn. Many walking club members have never won a race; they're in the sport for exercise, health and companionship."

Lloyd does twenty miles a week "strolling" — training walks in flannels and sports jacket—as well as three miles a day walking to work. His speed on these occasions is just over five miles an hour. In a race the speed he can maintain depends on the distance. His fastest time was over a one-mile stretch which he covered in 6 min. 35 sec. He has done ten miles in seventy-eight minutes, and twice that distance in 2 hr. 47 min. 20 sec.

Although Lloyd stands six feet one and a half inches in his socks he does not think his height has anything to do with his success in the sport. "I may take a bigger stride than other competitors," he says, "but the heart has got to pump the blood a longer distance around the body, and a long leg means more weight to move forward."

Many great walkers—Harry Forbes and Tommy Green, for instance—are of medium height or less. A young man in his early twenties who looks like becoming a second Harold Whitlock—Sheffield's Lawrence Allen—is about five feet seven. This seems to bear out Lloyd Johnson's contention, but Harold Whitlock, who is himself nearly six feet in height, does not agree. "I think the ideal height for a road walker is between five feet ten and six feet," he says. "Those above six feet are usually too weak in the middle to carry the length of their legs, while those under five feet ten are short in their stride."

The Road Walking Association, of which Harold Whitlock is the hon. secretary, has shown great expansion in the past three years. In 1947 there were sixty-nine clubs affiliated to the Association; today the figure is ninety-three, representing some 2,000 road walkers. Women are taking an increasing interest in the sport and women's races are featuring more and more in club programmes.

Lloyd Johnson retired from road walking after the 1936 Olympic Games. The Leicester Walking Club presented him with a silver shield to commemorate the occasion, and he started coaching up-and-coming youngsters in the sport. But the call of the road was too strong for him. In 1938 he went back into training. Within a few months he won the Midland twenty-miles championship, which he had held twice before his retirement.

Champion Who Came Back

There was little competitive road walking during the war, but Lloyd kept in condition. In 1946 he won the Birmingham Outer Circle walk of twenty-five miles, having previously finished first in this race three times in the nineteen thirties. He repeated this success last year. In three important championship races in 1948 he was first past the post—the Midlands ten miles, the Midlands twenty miles and the Midlands fifty kilometres. He won the National fifty kilometres championship in 1949 at Chigwell, Essex — a title which was twice his before, in 1931 and 1934.

That is why sportsmen who are fond of saying about ex-champions that "they never come back" do not like to be reminded of Lloyd Johnson. He is walking proof that they are wrong. THE END

THE HUMAN MACHINE *by ROFFE THOMPSON*

More thought, less sorrow

IN the nineteenth chapter of Acts you can read about a very wise man—the Town Clerk of Ephesus. When the citizens wanted to riot he counselled them to keep silence and do nothing rashly.

One modern big business man was so impressed with this that when any important proposal was made to him he always said gravely: "Let us first consult the Town Clerk of Ephesus."

There would be a great deal less mischief and trouble in the world if more people followed this sound advice. For to act rashly is to act thoughtlessly. And want of thought is responsible for more unhappiness than almost anything else.

A TOWN LIKE ALICE

Part 9: THE RESCUE. . . . In the lonely outback the man might die before help arrived. She had to do something

by NEVIL SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY MACKINLAY

FOR THE FIRST TIME in six years, Jean Paget was completely happy. She was young, attractive, engaged to be married, and she had recently come into a fortune. But there was more to it than that—something that could not be expressed in prosaic, everyday terms. She had had a vision. . . .

Six years previously she had been a prisoner of the Japs in Malaya. There she had met Joe Harman, an Australian p.o.w. It had been a strong, brief friendship. Harman had stolen food for her, but one theft, involving loss of face for the Japanese commandant, had been traced, and he had been publicly beaten and crucified.

Jean had thought him dead. But he was not—a fact she discovered when, after coming into the legacy, she returned to Malaya to build a well for villagers who had helped her during the war. She went at once to Australia to try and find him—at about the same time that Harman was travelling to London to find her. By the time that this mix-up had sorted itself out, and he had returned home, Jean had seen for herself what the Australian outback was like.

Except for the town of Alice Springs, there was little to attract an English girl. At Willstown, the nearest town to Joe Harman's cattle station, the girls left home for the big cities as soon as they could. The young stockriders were bitter and frustrated.

Jean meant to change all that. What Willstown wanted was light industry to keep the girls at home. That would lead to marriage, families, shops—all the amenities of a civilized town. As a start, she opened a workshop to make leather goods from local skins, and also a milk bar.

She promised Joe she would marry him in six months. By then she'd know whether there'd ever be a real town at Willstown.

* * *

IN Cairns that morning, four hundred miles to the west of Willstown, Miss Jacqueline Bacon tripped delicately down the pavement in the rain from her home to the Cairns Ambulance and

She slithered to the ground, and at first could not stand without holding on to something. But she'd done it. She'd brought the message back

Fire Station. She wore a blue raincoat and she carried an umbrella. She hurried in between the fire engines and shook the rain from her umbrella.

She went into her little office off the main hall where the gleaming fire engines stood and glanced at the clock; she had still three minutes to go. The room was furnished with a table and with a microphone and a writing-pad, and two tall metal cabinets of wireless gear; a set stood on the table before her pad. She turned three switches for the apparatus to warm up and took off her wet coat and her hat. Then she found her pencil and drew the pad to her; and a card with a long list of call signs and stations on it. She sat down and began her daily work.

Jackie Bacon's voice was well known among the cattle stations and little towns in the outback. Most of the cattle stations these days have a radio transmitter set and Jackie was their link, taking and sending out messages, keeping them in touch with all that was going on around them. One by one she made her calls. At Eight Baker Tare she chatted with Mrs. Corbett about the rain coming and then asked her to pass the news on to Mrs. Cutter that her son would be arriving home on Thursday. She couldn't get through to Mrs. Marshall on Eight Easy Victor, for Mrs. Marshall was in the habit of feeding her hens at the time of the morning schedule and more usually came in the evening. But at Eight Nan How she had a telegram to be passed on to Mr. Gosling to say that his daughter Molly had had a son last night, eight pounds four ounces, and both doing fine.

It was half an hour after she had started that she called up Helen Curtis. She said into the mike: "Eight Able George, Eight Able George, this is Eight Queen Charlie calling Eight Able George. Eight Able George, if you are receiving Eight Queen Charlie will you come in now. Over."

The answer came in a sobbing torrent of words, rather impeded by the static of three hundred miles. "Oh, Jackie, I'm so glad you've come. We're in such trouble here. Don's horse came back last night. I heard the horse come in about two o'clock in the morning and I thought, that's funny, because Don never travels at night because of the trees, you know. And then I thought, that's funny, because there was only one horse and he had Samson with him so I got up to look and I couldn't see the horse, my dear, so I got a torch and put my coat on and went out in the rain and, my dear, there it was, Don's horse, Jubilee, saddled and everything, and Don wasn't there, and I'm so frightened." The voice dissolved into a torrent of sobs.

Miss Bacon sat motionless before the microphone, one hand on the transmitter switch, listening to the carrier wave and the low sobbing at the other end, clearly distinguishable through the static. There was nothing to be done until Helen Curtis recovered herself and remembered to switch over to Receive. She got up quickly and called to the fireman on duty: "Fred, ring up Mr. Barnes and ask him to come down. Something's happened at Windermere."

She went back to her chair. Helen Curtis was still sobbing at the microphone three hundred miles away. Then Helen said: "Jackie, Jackie, are you there? Oh, I forgot. Over."

Miss Bacon turned her switch and said: "All right, Helen, this is Jackie here. Look, everybody, this is Eight Queen Charlie talking to Eight Able George. Will everybody please keep off the air and not transmit. You can stay listening-in, but not transmit. I'll call you if you can do anything. Mrs. Curtis, I've sent Fred to telephone to Mr. Barnes to get him to come down. Now sit down quietly and tell me what happened and I'll take it down. Remember your routine and switch over when you want me to answer. Over."

The speaker said: "Oh, Jackie, it *is* good to hear you. I've got nobody here except the boongs. Dave's on holiday and Pete's in Normanton. What happened was this. Don went up to the Disappointment Creek part of the station three days ago and he took Samson with him and he said he'd be away two days. I wasn't worried when they didn't get back because of the rain, you know; I thought they'd have to go around because the creeks would be up. And then last night Don's horse came back alone and no sign of Samson. Samson's our new Abo stockrider. I've got a very good tracker here called Johnnie Walker, and Johnnie went out at dawn to track the horse back. But he came back an hour ago and it wasn't any good because the rain had washed the tracks out, and now I don't know what to do." There was a pause, and then she said: "Oh, over."

Miss Bacon's pad was covered with notes. She turned her switch and said: "This is Jackie, Helen. What stations are north and south of you? Over."

"It's Carlisle north of us, Jackie—that's Eddie Page. It's Midhurst to the south and Pelican to the east. Midhurst is Joe Harman and Pelican Len Driver. I don't think Midhurst's got a radio, though. Over."

Miss Bacon said: "All right, Helen, I'll call some of them. Stay listening in, because Mr. Barnes will want to speak to you when he comes. Now I'm going over to Carlisle. Eight Charlie Peter, Eight Charlie Peter, this is Eight Queen Charlie. If you are receiving me, Eight Charlie Peter, will you come in. Over."

She turned her switch and heard the measured tones of Eddie Page and sighed with relief. "Eight Queen Charlie, this is Eight Charlie Peter. I heard all that, Jackie. I've got Fred Dawson here, and we'll get down to Windermere as soon as we can. Will you be keeping a listening watch? Over."

She said, "That's fine, Mr. Page. We shall be on watch here till this is squared up, listening every hour, from the hour till ten minutes past the hour. Is this Roger? Over."

He said: "Okay, Jackie, that's Roger. I'll sign off now and go and saddle up. Out."

She called Pelican next, but got no answer, so she called Eight Love Mike, the Willstown Mounted Police Station, and got Sergeant Haines at once. He said: "Okay, Jackie, I've heard all of that. I'm sending Phil Duncan and one of my trackers, and we'll see if any of the boys can come along. I'll see that someone goes round by Midhurst and tells Joe Harman. Your listening watch is Roger. Good girl, Jackie. Out."

At Midhurst Jean was measuring up the kitchen with Joe Harman and making notes, when they heard a horse approaching about noon. It was still raining, though less fiercely than before. They went to the other side of the house and saw Pete Fletcher handing his horse over to Moonshine; he came up to the veranda.

He said: "Did you hear the radio?"

"No. What's that?"

"Some kind of trouble up on Windermere," the boy said. "Don Curtis went up with an Abo ringer to the top end of his station three days ago. Now the horse is back without him."

"Tracked the horse back?" Joe asked at once.

"Tried that, but it didn't work. Tracks all washed out." He told them about the help that was being sent out to Windermere.

Joe asked: "Do they know where on the station Don was going to?"

"Up by Disappointment Creek."

"For Lord's sake," Joe said. "Then I know what he's been up to." Jean saw his mouth set in a hard line.

"What's that?" asked Pete.

"He's been at my poddies again," said Joe. "The mugger's got a poddy corral up there."

"How do you know?" asked Pete.

"I found it," said Joe. "I'll tell you where it is. You know where Disappointment Creek runs into the Fish River?" The boy nodded. "Well, from there you go up Disappointment Creek about four miles and you'll come to an island and a little bit of a creek running in from the north just by it. Well, go on past that about a mile and you'll see a lot of thick bush north of the creek with a little bare hill behind. You can't mistake it. The poddy corral's round the back of that thick bush, just under the bare hill. If you get up on that hill—it's only about fifty feet high—you'll see the poddy corral to the south of you." He paused. "If you're going on a search party I'd start off with that."

"Thanks, Joe," Pete said. "I'll tell them at Windermere."

Jean remembered Joe telling her about poddy dodging. Poddies were calves born since the last muster that hadn't yet been branded. If you rounded up someone else's poddies and drove them on to your own land, that was called poddy dodging. So that's what Don had been up to. She said: "How did you get to know about it, Joe?"

He turned to her. "I was up at the top end just after Christmas with Bourneville, and I thought poddies were a bit scarcer than they ought to be. So then Bourneville got to tracking and the rain hadn't hardly begun then, so it was easy. The Cartwright River makes the station boundary just there, and we followed the tracks across and on to Windermere. Two horses there were, with a lot of poddies. We found the corral like I said, and there they were, been there two or three days. I let 'em out, of course, and drove them back. Had a cow of a job to get them past the first water, oh my word."

"What'll you do, Joe?" said Pete. "Come along with me to Windermere?"

"I don't think so," Joe replied slowly. "I think I'll get up to the top end of my station, where he got those poddies from. Maybe he's been after some more and had his accident up there. That's south of the Cartwright River, and east of the new bore we made. If I can't see any trace of him on my land, then I'll follow the way he drove those poddies to his corral. Maybe I'll meet you around there somewhere, tomorrow or the next day."

Pete nodded. "I'll tell Phil."

"Tell him I'll be taking Bourneville with me, and I'll start as soon as I've run Miss Paget here back into town in the utility."

Forty miles in the utility in those wet conditions would take the best part of three hours. Jean said: "Joe, don't bother about me. I'll stay here till you come back. You get off at once."

He hesitated. "I may be away for days."

"Well then, I'll ride into town on Sally. One of the boongs can come with me and bring Sally back."

"You could do that," he said slowly. "Moonshine will be here, and he could go with you."

"Well then," she said, "that's perfectly all right. What time's Dave coming back?"

"Should be back this afternoon," he said. He turned to Pete. "I've got Jim Lennon on holiday, and Dave's off visiting a girl at Normanton. But he'll be back today."

Jean said: "I'll stay here till Dave comes, in case anything crops up, Joe."

He smiled at her. "Well, that would be a help. I don't like leaving the place with just the boongs." He turned to Pete. "Want another horse?"

The boy shook his head. "Think I'll get on my way."

They went down into the yard and saw him saddle up and ride away. The rain had practically stopped, but the clouds were heavy and black overhead. Joe turned to her: "Sorry about this," he said quietly. "It's spoilt our day. You're sure you don't mind riding in with Moonshine?"

"Of course not," she said. "You must get away at once."

She hurried in to prepare some lunch and food for them to take on the trip; down in the yard the men were saddling up. They took their riding horses and one pack-horse with them, loaded with a tent and camping gear.

Joe kissed her goodbye on the veranda and she went down with him to the yard. "Look after yourself," she said.

He grinned. "See you in Willstown next week." Then he was trotting out of the gate with Bourneville by his side and the pack-horse behind on a lead, and she was left alone at Midhurst with the boongs.

At about three o'clock Dave Hope arrived. He had heard all about the

NOW YOU KNOW

"TRESPASSERS Will Be Prosecuted." It's a familiar sign to hikers and ramblers. Despite the note of authority, you can't be prosecuted simply for walking on any private land.

But it's not as simple as that. Trespass on railway property *is* an offence. And you *can* be fined up to £50 for damaging crops or walking on an allotment. Although flowers, watercress and mushrooms apparently growing wild are tempting to pick, it's stealing if the land is private.

While ramblers' rights are useful to know, don't invite trouble: explaining the law to an angry farmer might be rather tricky.

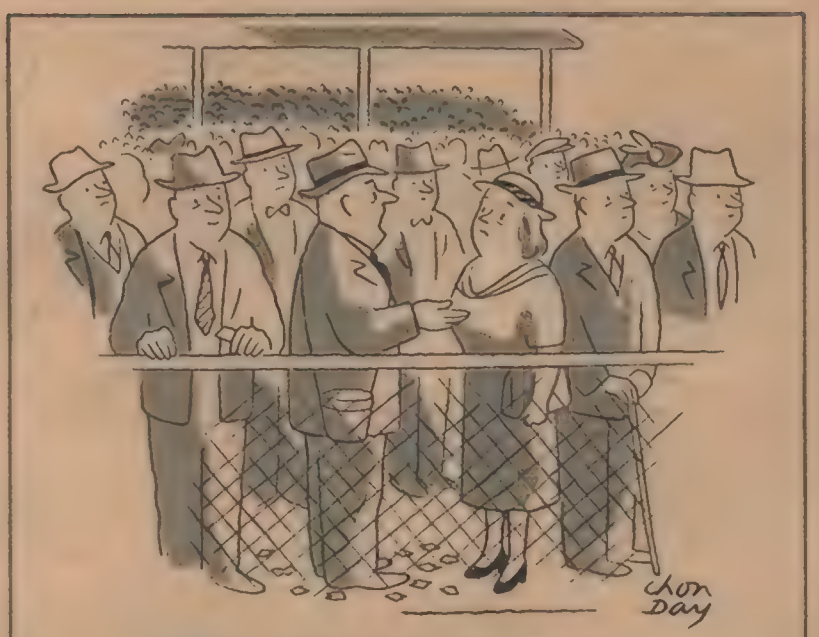
Windermere affair in Willstown and he could add further information from the radio. He told her that the Abo ringer, Samson, had returned to the homestead.

"Seems they were looking for some poddies," he said, "somewhere up at the Disappointment Creek end of the station. They separated and one went one way, one the other, for some reason; they left the camp standing and were going to meet back in the evening. Don didn't turn up that evening, and, of course, the Abo couldn't track him in the dark. When the morning came the whole place was swimming in water, and he couldn't track him at all."

They talked about it for some time on the veranda. Somewhere thirty or forty miles from them a man must be lying injured on the ground; he might be anywhere within a circle thirty miles in diameter. Looking for him would be like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay.

"You'd better go and help, Dave," Jean said at last. "There's nothing to do here. I'll stay here and look after things. You go and join them over at Windermere. That's the best thing you can do."

She got him off in the late afternoon with about two hours of daylight left. She learned a lot that evening as she sat alone at Midhurst listening to the steady drumming of the rain on the iron roof. She learned a little of the fortitude that a wife on a cattle station must develop, even, she thought a little grimly, a wife with fifty-three thousand pounds. She learned that a radio transmitting and receiving set was almost indispensable to such a wife; even on that first evening she would have liked to exchange a word or two with Jackie Bacon in Cairns. She learned, too, how much a lonely person turns to animals for companionship.



"Where is that money I told you not to let me touch under any circumstances?"

She went to bed about nine. She woke before dawn to the sound of a horse in the yard. She got up at once and put her frock on and went out on the veranda, and switched on the light, and called: "Who's that?"

A man came forward into the light at the foot of the steps. He was about fifty, very black, with a seamed, wrinkled face and greying hair. He said:

"It's me, Missy, Bourneville. Missa Harman, him up top end. Him find Missa Curtis, him leg broken. Missa Harman, him send me back fetch Missa Hope, him drive utility up top end, bring Missa Curtis down."

"Mr. Hope's not here," Jean said. "He's gone to Windermere."

He was silent for a time. Then he said: "No white feller here, drive utility?"

She shook her head. "Can you drive the utility, Bourneville?"

"No, Missy."

"Can any of the Abos drive?"

"No, Missy."

The thought came to her that she could drive it up to them herself, with Bourneville as a guide, but it was not a thing to be undertaken lightly. She had never owned a car, and her total driving experience did not exceed five hours.

She lit a cigarette and thought deeply. It would benefit nobody if she attempted to drive the utility and crashed it. The alternative would be to send Bourneville riding on to Willstown, perhaps to the police station; they would send a truck or a utility out with a driver who would go on to the top end. The return journey to Willstown was forty miles. It would mean at least six hours' delay.

She asked: "How far away is Mr. Harman, Bourneville?"

He thought. "Four mile past bore."

Joe had once told her that the new bore was twenty-two miles from the homestead; that made the scene of the accident twenty-six miles away. She said: "What's the track like? Can the utility get there?"

"Him bonza track in dry far as bore," he said.

"Are there any creeks to cross?"

He held up three fingers. "Tree."

"Are they deep? Can the utility go through?"

"Yes, Missy. Creeks not too deep."

If Bourneville rode a horse beside the utility to guide her, she thought that she could make it. It was worth trying, anyway; the worst that could happen would be that she would get it stuck and have to send Bourneville back to Willstown with a note for them to send up somebody more competent. So long as he had his horse there was no risk of any great delay. She said: "All right, Bourneville, I'll drive the utility. You come up with me on your horse."

"Get fresh horse, Missy. Him tired."

"All right, get a fresh horse. And get tucker, too. We'll start in half an hour."

She went inside, made a quick meal and then changed into her riding shirt and breeches. Then she went down to the yard and examined the utility. The huge petrol tank had twenty gallons in it, and the sump was full of oil. She filled the radiator from the water butt and filled the water bag suspended from the lamp bracket. Then she got into the car. To her relief the gears were clearly marked. She switched on and pressed the starter and jiggeted the accelerator, and was both alarmed and pleased when the engine started. Very gingerly she drove it out into the yard. They started off, Bourneville riding ahead to show her the way.

She drove through each of the three creeks along the line that Bourneville showed her, following the agitated, plunging horse as it forced through the yellow water swirling about its legs. Once the water rose above the floorboards of the cab and she was very frightened. But she kept the utility going, and the designer had anticipated such usage and had placed the ignition system above the cylinders.

FOUR miles beyond the bore, Joe Harman sat at the mouth of his small tent. It was pitched in a clearing in a thick patch of bush in the bottom of a little valley. A heavy log stockade or corral had been built in this clearing and stood immediately behind the tent; the movable logs that formed a gate had been pulled down and the corral was empty. Joe had built a fire before the tent, and he was boiling up in a billy over it.

A man lay inside upon a bed of brushwood covered with a waterproof sheet, with a blanket over him. Joe turned his head and said: "What happened, Don? Did the poddies rush you when you got the pole down?"

From the tent the man said: "My bloody oath. They pushed the pole back on to me and knocked me down. Then about six of them ran over me. Scared my horse off, too."

Joe said: "Serve you bloody well right. Teach you to go messing about on other people's land."

There was a pause. Then he said: "How many of mine did you get last year, Don?"

"'Bout three hundred."

Mr. Harman laughed. "I got three hundred and fifty of yours."

From the tent Mr. Curtis said a very rude word.

JEAN drove the utility up to the tent with Bourneville riding beside her; she took out the gear and stopped it with a sigh of relief. Joe got up. "What's happened to Dave?" he asked. "Didn't he come back?"

She told him what had happened. "I thought I'd better have a go at driving it up myself," she said.

"What were the creeks like?" asked Joe.

"Pretty high," she said. "It came over the floor of the cab."

He grunted. "Get along back soon as we can. I wish this bloody rain'd stop."

She asked: "Is Mr. Curtis here, Joe?"

He nodded. "In the tent."

"What's wrong?"

"Got his leg bust," he said. "Compound fracture—that's what you call it when the bone's sticking out, isn't it? I set it well as I could, but it's a mess. I made a sort of a long splint this morning and tied it all down on that. We'll get him down to hospital, soon as we can. It's been done two days."

They set to work to strike camp. They removed the tent from over the injured man and he saw Jean for the first time. "Hallo, Miss Paget," he said. "You don't remember me. I saw you in Willstown, day you arrived."

She smiled at him. "You'll be back there in a little while. In the hospital."

Once as she worked she turned to Joe with a puzzled expression. "Whose land are we on, Joe?"

"Midhurst," he said. "Why?"

She glanced at the corral. "What's that for?"

"That?" he said. "Oh, that's just a place we put the cattle in sometimes, for branding and that."

She said no more, but a little smile played round her lips. So Don wasn't the only one who worked poddy dodging. It seemed to be fair game among these cattle station men.

They worked a blanket underneath the brushwood bed as the man lay upon the ground, and lowered the tailboard of the utility; then, with infinite care and great labour, they lifted him on his bed into the body of the truck. The man was white and sweating when they had done and a little blood was showing on his lip where he had bitten it.

They started off at about nine o'clock. They crossed the first creek without difficulty. At the second creek the water was higher. It had risen considerably since Jean had crossed. The bottom, under the swirling yellow flood, was very rough; the big car went forward, leaping from boulder to boulder under the water. Then she came down heavily on something with a crunch of metal, and stopped dead.

Joe said, "Jesus," and pressed the starter, but the engine was immovable. Oil began to appear on the eddying yellow surface of the water, and slide away downstream in black and yellow tails. He stared at it in consternation.

Jean said: "What's happened, Joe?"

"I've cracked the bloody sump," he said shortly.

He got down into the water from the cab, feeling his way gingerly; it was well above his knees, close on waist deep. He called Bourneville and made Jean pass him a coil of rope from the back of the truck. The utility was only about ten yards from the bank. They made a sort of tandem harness for the three horses with lariats that they carried at the pommel of the riding saddles, and harnessed this team to the back axle of the utility, groping and spluttering under the water to do so. In ten minutes the vehicle was on dry land; a performance that left Jean awed by its efficiency.

She got down from the back and went to Joe, who was lying on his back under the front axle. She stooped down with him to look; the cast iron sump was crushed and splintered. "Say it, Joe," she said quietly.

He grinned at her, and said: "It's a fair ——." He got up and stood watching the water. "It's no good sending for the truck the way these creeks are rising. It'll never get through. There's only one thing for it now. He'll have to be flown out."

The country round about was covered with rocks and trees. "Is there anywhere an aeroplane can land here?" she asked.

"I know one place it might," he said. "Five hundred yards, they want, and then a good approach." He took his horse and went off to the south; by the river they unpacked the tent and arranged it over Don Curtis to keep the rain off him.

Joe came back in a quarter of an hour. "Think we can make something of it," he said. "It's only about a mile away." With Bourneville he harnessed up the tandem team of three horses to the front axle of the truck, and with Jean at the wheel they set off through the bush, steering and manoeuvring between the trees.

They came presently to an open space, a long grassy sward with low bushes dotted about on it. It was more than five hundred yards long, but there were trees at each end. It would be

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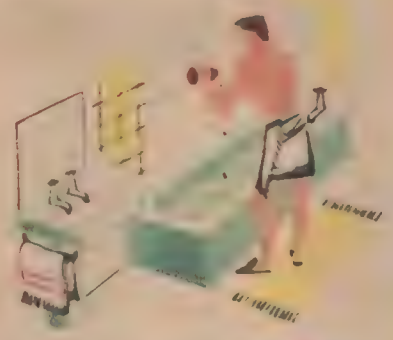

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possible to make an airstrip there. "Clear off some of these bushes," Joe said, "and fell some of those trees. I've seen them use a lot worse places than this. We'll have to get the boys up from Midhurst to help. And get a message down to Willstown about the aeroplane."

She said: "I'll ride down with Bourneville to the homestead, Joe. Then he can bring the boys back, and I'll go on to Willstown."

He stared at her. "You can't ride that far—it's forty miles to Willstown."

"I can get to Midhurst, anyway," she said. "If I can't go on I'll send Moonshine in with a note to Sergeant Haines."

"All right. But if you do, there's to be no riding alone. I won't have you trying to cross them creeks alone, on a horse."

She touched his arm. "All right, Joe. I'll take someone with me." She paused. "We could get on the radio from Willstown," she said. "We could get some people over from Windermere to help you then, couldn't we?"

"That's right," he said. "It would be better if we had a radio at Midhurst." He paused. "There's one thing that they'll all want to know," he said, "and that's where this place is. We're about six miles west-south-west of the new bore. Can you remember that?"

"I've got that, Joe," she said. "What are you going to do?"

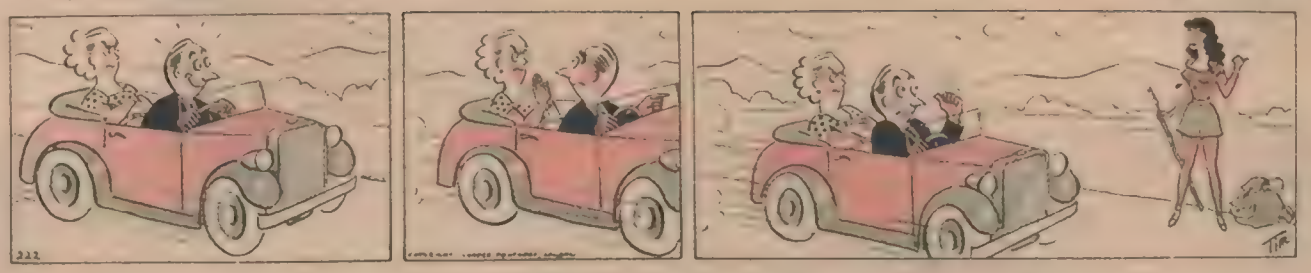
"I'll make camp here." He looked around. "I'll pitch the tent over the back of the utility. We don't want to shift him again if we can help it. After that I'll start and fell some of those trees for the approach."

She thought of him swinging a two-handed axe to fell a tree. "It's not safe for you to swing an axe," she said. "It won't help if you go and ruin your back up here, Joe." She touched his arm again. "Don't take risks, Joe. Wait till the others come."

He smiled at her. "All right. But you're not to ride alone."

"I'll promise that," she said.

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*



It was about half past ten when they put her up on Joe's horse, Robin. Robin was a much bigger horse than she had ridden before, and she was rather afraid of him. She had only been on a horse six times before, and never for more than an hour and a half at a time. They set out at a slow trot.

After an hour they came to the last creek and found it very deep. They waded through the tumbling yellow water, Bourneville close beside her. Bourneville made her take her feet out of the stirrups and be prepared to swim, holding to the horse's mane. That was not necessary, and they came through to the other side in good order.

"Too deep for the utility," she said.

"Yes, Missy. Him too deep now."

No creeks now lay between them and Midhurst; it remained only for them to ride. The rain began again and soaked her to the skin, mingling with the sweat streaming off her. Very soon the wet strides began to chafe her legs and thighs; she could feel the soreness growing, but there was nothing to be done about that. She had said that she would ride, and ride she would.

They came to Midhurst homestead at about half past two. By that time she had a raging thirst, and she was getting very tired. Moonshine and one or two of the other boys ran out and took her bridle and helped her down from Robin; she could not manage the stretch from the stirrup to the ground. She said: "Bourneville, tell Moonshine to saddle up and come with me to Willstown. I'm going to have a cup of tea and some tucker, and then we'll start. You take all the boys back to Mr. Harman. That okay?"

When she had eaten a hurried meal, she called out for Moonshine and went down into the yard. The black stockriders, saddling their own horses and making up the bundles for the packhorses in the rain, put her up into the saddle and she was off again for Willstown with Moonshine by her side.

The short rest had stiffened her, and it needed all her courage to face the twenty miles that lay ahead. Every muscle in her body was stretched and aching. She could scarcely hold herself up in the saddle.

They crossed the creeks, now too deep for a car, and went on. She rode the last ten miles in a daze, walking and trotting wearily; for the last five miles the black stockrider rode close by her side to try and catch her if she fell. But she didn't fall. She rode into Willstown in the darkness at about seven o'clock, a very tired girl on a very tired horse with a black ringer riding beside her. She rode past the hotel and past the ice-cream parlour with its lights streaming out into the street, and came to a stand outside Sergeant Haines's police station and house. She had been about eight hours in the saddle.

Moonshine dismounted and held Robin's head. She summoned a last effort and got her right leg back over the saddle and slithered down on to the ground. She could not stand at first without holding on to something, and she held on to Robin's saddle. Then Sergeant Haines was there. "Why, Miss Paget," he said in the slow Queensland way, "where have you come from?"

"From Joe Harman," she said. "He's got Don Curtis up at the top end of Midhurst with a broken leg."

"Here, take my arm," said Sergeant Haines. "You look all in. How far have you ridden?"

"Forty miles," she said, and even in her fatigue there was a touch of pride in the achievement. "Joe Harman's up there now with Mr. Curtis. All the Midhurst stockriders have gone up there to make an airstrip. It's the only way to get him out, Joe says. You can't get through the creeks with a utility."

He took her in and sat her down in his mosquito-wired veranda, and Mrs. Haines brought a cup of tea. He glanced at the clock and settled down to listen to her in slow time; he had missed the listening watch of seven o'clock on the Cairns Ambulance radio, and now there was three-quarters of an hour to wait before he could take any action. "Six miles west-south-west of the new bore," he said thoughtfully. "I know there's open country round about that part. I'll get on to the radio presently and get the plane out in the morning."

He turned to Jean suddenly and said: "I never knew you were a rider, Miss Paget."

"I'm not," she said. "I've been on a horse six times before."

He smiled, and then said: "Oh, my word! Are you sore?"

She got up wearily. "I'm going home to bed," she said, and caught hold of the back of the chair. "If I stay here any longer I won't be able to walk at all."

"Stay where you are," he said. "I'll get out the utility and run you to the hospital."

"I don't want to go to the hospital."

"I don't care if you want to go or not," he said, "but that's where you're going."

Half an hour later she was bathed and in a hospital bed with penicillin ointment on various parts of her anatomy, feeling like a very small child.

Back in his office Sergeant Haines was sitting at his transmitter talking to Jackie Bacon. "We've got Don Curtis, Jackie. Joe Harman found him up at the top end of Midhurst. His injuries are compound fracture of the left leg, two and a half days old. Position of the camp is six miles west-south-west of Harman's new bore. Now, Jackie, I want you to take a message for Mr. Barnes. Message reads: Request ambulance aircraft at Willstown soon as possible prepared for bush landing. Message ends. Now, Jackie, call Windermere for me and let me speak to Mrs. Curtis. Over."

Up at Eight Able George, Mrs. Curtis had heard the news. Jackie told her to stay listening with her switch on receive. Then she said: "Eight Love Mike, will you come in now? Over."

In Willstown Sergeant Haines said: "Eight Love Mike calling Eight Able George. Mrs. Curtis, you've heard Joe Harman's with your husband up at the top end of Midhurst. He's got to make an airstrip for the ambulance to land on, and he's taken all his stockriders up there. Will you send everyone you have upon your station to help make this airstrip?" He gave her the position, and then said: "Is that Roger, Mrs. Curtis? Over."

The tremulous voice said: "That's Roger, Sergeant. Six miles west-south-west of Joe's new bore. I'll send everybody up there at once. Isn't it marvellous what God can do for us? When I think of all His mercies to us suffering sinners I could go down on my bended knees and cry." There was a pause, and then she said: "Oh, I keep on forgetting. Over."

He turned his switch and said: "It's not only God you've got to thank, Mrs. Curtis." He was very well aware that most of the housewives in a hundred thousand square miles of the Gulf country would be listening in to this conversation, and one good turn deserved another. "Miss Paget rode forty miles down from the top end of Midhurst to bring this message about Don. You know Jean Paget, the English girl that's started the shoe workshop and the ice-cream shop? She was out at Midhurst spending the day when we heard Don was missing, and she rode in forty miles to tell me where this airstrip was to be. She's only been astride a horse six times before, and the poor girl's so sore she can't stand. Sister Douglas has her in the hospital for a good rest. She'll be all right in a day or two. Over."

She said: "Oh, my word! I don't know what to say to thank her." There was a pause, and then she said: "I've been so troubled in my mind about that ice-cream parlour. It didn't seem right to have a thing like that in Willstown, and opening it on Sundays and Christmas Day and all. I couldn't find nothing in the Bible either for or against it, and I've been that perplexed. But now it seems God has that under His hand like everything else. I do think it's wonderful. Over."

"That's right," said Sergeant Haines non-committally. "Now I must sign off, Mrs. Curtis. Eight Queen Charlie, this is Eight Love Mike. It's okay here if you want to close down your listening watch for tonight, Jackie. I'd like to have a listening watch in daylight hours tomorrow, from seven o'clock on. Is this Roger? Over."

Miss Bacon said: "That is Roger, Sergeant. I shall close down now. Good night. Out."

Miss Bacon switched off her sets thankfully. She had been on duty the previous day from eight in the morning till midnight, and from eight o'clock that morning till then. She got up wearily and telephoned Mr. Barnes about the ambulance aircraft.

Next morning at eleven o'clock an old Dragon—surely the best aircraft ever built for ambulance work in the outback—landed at Willstown airstrip. The pilot was tired and strained, for the weather had been bad all the way. Sergeant Haines was waiting for him with a map showing the creeks and Midhurst homestead, and the new bore, and the probable position of the airstrip. The pilot took off again at once. It was still raining hard.

Following this map, he found the place without much difficulty. It was clear where they meant him to land, because trees had been felled upon a line he was to come in on, and bushes had been cleared for a short distance on what seemed to be a grassy meadow. He circled round under the low cloud, considering the risks. The runway that they had prepared was pitifully short, even for a Dragon. Time was also short, however; the man had had his compound fracture three days now. Sepsis and gangrene and all sorts of things would be setting in; he must not delay. He bit his lip and lined the Dragon up with the runway for a trial approach.

He came in as slowly as he dared over the trees, missing them by no more than five feet, motoring in with careful graduations of the throttles. Over the cut trees he throttled back and stuffed her down towards the grass, hoping it was smooth. He could . . . he couldn't, he could never stop her in time. With wheels no more than two feet from the ground he jammed the throttles forward, held her level for a moment, and climbed away.

He turned to the orderly behind him as he circled low under the clouds, keeping the airstrip in sight. "Got a pencil and paper? Write this." He thought for a moment. "Sorry I can't make it. Strip must be about a hundred yards longer, or a hundred and fifty if you can manage it. I will come back at four o'clock this afternoon." They put this in a message bag with coloured streamers flying from it, and flew over, and dropped it on the middle of the strip. They flew back to Willstown.

At four o'clock he was back over the airstrip at the top end of Midhurst; the rain had stopped and he was able to

approach at about eight hundred feet. He circled once and had a good look; they had made the strip much longer, and he would have no difficulty now. He came in and touched down at the near end.

He stopped the engines and got out; they took a stretcher from the cabin and the orderly began the business of getting Don Curtis on to the stretcher and into the cabin, helped by the ringers. The pilot lit a cigarette and gave one to Joe Harman.

Joe asked: "Did you hear anything about Miss Paget down in Willstown?"

The pilot said: "She's in the hospital. Nothing much wrong, they say; just tired and sore. She must be quite a girl."

Joe said: "Too right. If you see anyone from the hospital, leave a message for Miss Paget, will you? Tell her I'll be in town tomorrow."

"I'll do that," said the pilot. "I'll be staying there tonight. It's too late now to get to Cairns; I can't do night flying in this weather."

The loading was completed now. He got into his seat; the orderly swung the propellers and they taxied back to the far end of the track. He opened out and took off down the runway, and cleared the trees at the far end with about fifteen feet to spare. Half an hour later he was on the ground at Willstown, helping to transfer the stretcher to the truck that was to take Don Curtis to the hospital.

In hospital that afternoon Jean Paget showed Rose Sawyer the more accessible of her wounds—great, chafed places, six inches long. "Honourable scars," Rose said. "Pity you can't show them."

Presently Rose said: "Tell me, Jean. Do you think there'd be any work up here for a contractor? Making roads and things like that?"

Jean stared at her. "Is this Billy Wakeling, from Alice?"

Rose nodded. "He wrote to me," she said carelessly. For the bunch of seven letters that arrived by the Dakota regularly every Wednesday, this seemed to Jean to be an understatement. "You know, his father's a contractor in New-

"Remember when we were first married —you wanted four and I wanted six?"

castle—he's got graders and bulldozers and steam shovels and all sorts of things like that. He started Billy off in Alice after the war because he said Alice was expanding and expanding places meant work for contractors. But Billy says he's fed up with Alice. He's coming up here for a visit as soon as the wet's over," she added artlessly.

"He won't get any roads or buildings to contract for here," Jean observed. "There's nobody to pay for them. I know what does want doing though. Joe Harman wants some little dams built up on Midhurst. I don't know if that's in his line."

"I should think it might be," Rose said slowly. "After all, it's shifting muck, and that's what Billy does. He'd do it with a bulldozer in the dry. His old man's got about forty down at Newcastle. I should think he could spare one for Billy."

"They're only little dams," said Jean.

"Well, everything's got to start. I don't think Billy expects a contract like the Sydney Harbour Bridge, not in the first year."

Jean asked: "Could you scoop out a hole for a swimming pool with a bulldozer?"

"I should think so. Yes, I'm sure you could." Rose stared at Jean curiously, wondering what hairbrained scheme she was up to now.

Joe rode into town next day. He found Jean at the ice-cream parlour writing a long letter to me. For a while they talked about the rescue, then Jean changed the subject and said: "Joe, about those little dams you were talking about on Green Island. Could a bulldozer build them?"

"Oh, my word!" he said. "If anybody had a bulldozer he'd build the lot inside a month in the dry. But there's no bulldozer this side of the Curry."

"There might be one," she said. She told him about Billy Wakeling.

"My word!" he said. "If we had a joker with a bulldozer in Willstown it'd make a lot of difference to the stations."

"It'd make a lot of difference here in Willstown," she observed. "Joe, if we had a really decent swimming pool just by the bore, with little cabins to change in and green lawns to sunbathe on and diving boards—would people use it, Joe? If we charged, say, a bob a bathe?"

They discussed the swimming pool for some time, and came to the conclusion that it could never pay upon the basis of a town with 150 people. "It's just a question of how fast this town is going to grow," he said. "A swimming pool is just another thing to make it grow. There's not a town in the whole Gulf country that's got a pool."

"The ice-cream parlour's paying, definitely," Jean said. "If we can keep up the quality, I feel we're home on that one. I'd like to try the swimming pool next, I think, if I can get the money for it out of Noel Strachan."

He smiled in curious wonder. "What comes after the swimming pool?"

She stared out at the wet, miry expanse of earth that was the street. "They'll get their hair wet in the swimming pool, so we'll have to have a beauty parlour," she said. "I think that's the next thing. And after that, an open-air cinema. And after that, a battery of home laundries for the wet wash, and after that a decent dress shop." She turned to him. "Don't laugh, Joe. I know it sounds crackers, but just look at the results. I start an ice-cream parlour and put Rose in it, and young Wakeling comes after her with a bulldozer, so you get your dams built."

"You're a bit ahead of the game," he said. "They aren't built yet."

"They will be soon."

He glanced around the ice-cream parlour. "If everything you want to do works out like this," he said slowly, "you'll have a town as good as Alice Springs in no time."

"That's what I want to have," she said. "A town like Alice."

NEXT WEEK: The Epilogue

PALEFACE IN SAVAGE ESSEX

Continued from page 11

and creeper-grown; broken arches emerging from thick brush of thorn-bushes; mouldering abutments only here and there showing through a jungle of twig and spine; old footings, roofless warehouses, rusted lengths of rail. It all looked almost as time-trodden as Corfe Castle, but for all that these were only the remains of Philpott's Cement works which had ceased production after an amalgamation in the late twenties, when several obsolete plants had been closed down.

Garfield went directly to work. He produced from his pocket what all treasure-seekers carry—a map—traced from a library copy of the 1898 Ordnance Survey map, twenty-five inches to the mile, and with this to guide him it took him only a little over twenty minutes to locate the circular footings of the two larger chimneys. The directions were clear. Eagerly he brushed aside the scratching bushes, disdaining the little tracks which boys and rabbits had made—but not so eagerly that he did not more than once stop and listen or look up sharply, right or left.

The place was haunted. The thick scrub and the crumbling walls would have provided cover enough for an army, and once or twice Garfield imagined that such an army was actually there. Once, out of the very corner of his vision, he saw what he might have sworn was a head, staring at him over a wall, but it vanished before he could focus it. Once he did certainly see stones rolling down a slope of scree and wondered if rabbits could have done it; and once he watched two children running down a grassy slope a quarter of a mile away. But there was no need to worry about them: this wilderness was a great place for boys, no doubt; here they could play Cops and Spivs, or Chindits and Chinks, or whatever it was they played now instead of Cowboys and Indians, to their hearts' content. No need to worry about them . . . but, all the same, he frequently felt that tickling of the scalp, that itching between the shoulder-blades — the feeling that he was being watched.

So, from this clue and that, he came nearer to the X which marked the spot: Through briar and brick rubble he came excitingly nearer. There, exactly where it should have been, was the flagstone, after he had scraped away some loosely rooted grass—and here, he was certain, was X itself.

He was about to prise up the stone with the case-opener when he realized that there was no longer any doubt about his being watched. Not more than fifty feet from him, sitting on a cracked and creeper-covered wall, and not even pretending not to look at him, was a girl; the same girl, he was almost certain, whom he had met the previous day outside the inn. She was still bareheaded, and the wind had not tired (how could it?) of playing with her hair or frolicking about the folds of her coat.

He dropped the case-opener, and, pushing aside the bushes, walked to where she sat.

"Good evening," he said. "Are you . . . waiting for someone?"

"No."

"Then excuse me," said Garfield, "but what *are* you doing?"

"That's exactly the question I wanted to ask you."

"Then suppose we both answer it," said Garfield. "I'll begin. I'm a surveyor employed by the Port of London Authority to make a report on this site. There's a scheme for building a deep-water wharf here."

"I'm afraid I don't believe you," she said. "Everybody knows why you're here. You're the man who thinks he can find old Fawcett's money."

"And supposing," said Garfield, "supposing that romantic story *were* true, what business is it of yours?"

"If Fawcett's money *is* found, it's my duty as a citizen to——"

"Say no more," said Garfield, with a gesture of exasperation. "That explains everything. You obviously come out of the same hutch as the public informer. 'Duty as a citizen'!"

She was angry, either with him or herself. "Yes," she said sharply. "If that money's found I'm going to try and make sure it goes to the right place. The Fawcetts should have it. That gold isn't going to be melted down by some back-street jeweller to buy a flash car for a London spiv."

"London spiv?" cried Garfield. "Can you possibly mean me?"

"Perhaps," she answered.

"Apart from my spivvishness, which must be so terribly apparent," he said, "what makes you so certain I don't intend to put the money in the right place?"

"Well—do you?"

"I do, as a matter of fact. And let me be frank. I want to see it in the newspapers alongside my photograph: 'Young Sherlock Holmes Solves Forty-year-old Mystery.' That sort of thing. But I do honestly intend to hand every penny of the loot to the police."

"Can I believe that?"

"You know," he said, "I'm glad you're here, after all. It might be too heavy for me alone, and I forgot to bring a bag. You can help me find it. And if I do find it—I mustn't let my confidence slip, or I won't—when I do, you can come with me, now, immediately, tonight, and we'll hand it over to the cops together. Will that satisfy you?"

It did. "Let *me* explain, too," she said. "My name is Turner, Leslie Turner. I teach. You remember the boy you spoke to yesterday? I'm afraid I didn't understand quite what had happened. But that's Peter Fawcett, grandson of the old man that was killed. The only son of a widowed mother. He's—well, I've never known a more talented child. The way he sketches from life, at ten—it's really quite beyond belief. And I know there aren't any poor nowadays, but it just depends what you mean by poor. A few hundred pounds would make all the difference to him—the difference between becoming P.R.A. or a foreman fitter at the gasworks, or something like

that. And he's old Fawcett's heir, or his mother is; it would surely go to them, wouldn't it? It wasn't just sheer nosy-parkering and priggishness on my part. I do really have an interest."

"It does you credit, Miss Turner," said Garfield Wheeler gravely. "And now, of course, I'm terrified I shan't find it, after all."

But whatever other difficulties circumstance placed in his way, there was none about the search, for, once the simple message in the letter had been unravelled, it was impossible not to find what he sought. The flagstone came up with a heave, and they came at once upon the rotted fragments of a bag, as frail as moist newsprint, and beneath this, glinting as if it had been newly minted, gold.

"There!"

It was an absorbing occupation to take the shining discs out of the earth, wipe them clean, and pile them one by one upon the lifted stone. They gave their whole attention to the task. Until, glancing up, Garfield suddenly saw, standing immediately behind the girl, who was still unaware of his presence, a man.

He had waited a long time, this man. For the past three hours he had used a ruined kiln as a sentry box, and now, his patience having been rewarded, he was smirking with satisfaction. He was a dumpy man with a pasty, pock-holed face, ruled across by a single black line of moustache, and he wore a green homburg, a coat with scaffolding in the shoulders, and a blazing transatlantic tie.

"So you struck lucky, chum!" he said softly. "I never thought you'd find a farthing, damned if I did. But I came along, just in case. To give you a hand." A revolver appeared suddenly in his hand. "Now, I'll count ten, and if you haven't stepped back and left the money by that time, I'll shoot you in the leg."

The girl gave a tiny scream and stood up; Garfield stood up more slowly.

"If you're ever in doubt about London spivs, Miss Turner," said Garfield, "here is——"

"For God's sake get back!" she cried. "A man was killed for this money before!"

"Six, seven, eight," said the dumpy man, "nine——"

And then the oddest thing happened. The man's green homburg suddenly leapt off his head, spun in the air and settled slowly on a thorn bush. He did not say "ten." He backed round with a gasp of dismay, a sudden glint of fear in his eye. The air hissed, and half a dozen sticks suddenly fell about him. One struck him, point on on the throat and made him cry out another ran between his shirt and necktie, and stuck there. It was a two-foot-wooden arrow, neatly feathered. Then stones began to hit the wall against which he stood.

Garfield did not stop to wonder. As soon as the gunman wavered, Garfield leapt at the gun and there was a single shot. The bullet whined high over the sea wall into the Thames. An instant later the weapon was flung on the ground, scattering the piled gold, and Garfield's right fist, with a force that split his knuckles, crashed into the other's mouth. The gunman went over backwards, and almost at once a pack of wolves leaped upon him. No other metaphor will do. The sight of it, in the second before he realized what it really was, made Garfield's knees weak with shock. Dozens of boys leaped all at once from the cover of thorn and thicket with shouts and screams.

"Peter!" cried Leslie Turner, and ran towards the scrum. A dozen boys were holding down the beaten gunman without apparent effort.

"Half a mo', miss!" answered young Peter Fawcett. He was busy tying the man's ankles with rope he had evidently bought for some such purpose. He proceeded to take a series of marline-hitches up his body as if he were lashing a hammock.

"Oh, Peter!" cried Miss Turner. "You might have been killed."

Garfield had now taken stock of the situation. He was gratified to notice, from the bottle-green Rhode Island Red cock feathers in Peter's hair, and similar adornments on some of the other lads, that the good old game of Cowboys and Indians evidently still lived. Some of the boys had toyshop bows and wooden tomahawks. A foot or two from him, apparently unmoved, a little girl with bright yellow pigtails was eating an apple. A very fat lad sat on their captive's head, whistling.

"Damn good show!" said Garfield. "I'd better check those knots, though."

"Is this other paleface dog to live?" asked one of the urchins rhetorically, stringing his arrow in a way that made Garfield put his hands before his eyes.

"Please!" said Miss Turner.

THE dusk of the dull day turned imperceptibly to full night. One redskin had been dispatched to bring the police. Down in the ruins by the riverside the Charrock Cherokees lit a camp fire of driftwood and thorn and sat around it singing, their faces redder than any Indian's in its glow. The lashed gunman looked on, like a captive awaiting the stake—an idea that caused the tribe to do a war dance round him, yowling and screeching.

The gold for which a man had once been killed was piled, stack after stack, upon the flagstone. The river sighed and slapped against the wall. Between that wall and the distant constellations of Kentish lights, great ships swam by, with jewelled ports, sometimes uttering monosyllables in vast voices, and gently purring or humming to themselves as they passed.

A little away from the camp fire Leslie Turner and Garfield Wheeler sat on a rusted steel joist, swinging their legs. Silently they watched a liner move slowly down river.

"You know," said Garfield, "not many acquaintances begin as dramatically as ours has—yours and mine. Desolate shore—desperate criminals—treasure trove—savages round the camp fire—it's been sensational, hasn't it?"

"Much too much," she said.

"Don't you think," he began, "after such a beginning—I mean, as the first act's been so good, I do feel we ought to stay for the second. Don't you? For instance, could I possibly drive you somewhere for dinner?"

He did not hear her answer because at that moment an oil tanker hooted irritably and insistently, but he could see from her expression that it was favourable.

"Thank you, Pocahontas," he said.

The shape of police helmets showed darkly against the sky and river, and they heard the dignified tread of the constabulary on the sea-wall path. THE END

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

READERS with personal problems can obtain the help of John Bull's team of experts. Inquiries (other than medical) should be addressed to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

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On The Peace Wagon
What Children Need
Magic Carpet
That Holiday Feeling
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A Long Way Off
Fair Enough
Wedded To Work
Her Admirers
When It's Gone
A Revelation
With A Brave Smile

Father Forgot
All Skin And Bone
Swimming
At The Station
Beauty Queen
In Full Bloom
Thanks To Hollywood

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

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Felt Like.....
I'm Not....., But
.....The Landlady
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No.....
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554

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Aug. 12, and in JOHN BULL dated Aug. 17, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams employees (and families) ineligible.

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,741 (or Xword 693), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

TELEVISION OFFER next week and thrilling August Tournament starts in *Bulletin* dated Aug. 5—apply on coupon on left

"Bullets" Winners 1,736

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Seaside Holiday: I. Martin, 3 Dryden Street, Clayton-le-Moors, Accrington: THAT WOMAN — HOLDING TORCH, FRIGHTENS "BEAR."

SECOND PRIZE, £50 plus Seaside Holiday: J. Williamson, 8 Atholl Place, Peel, Isle of Man: IN HOME'S HARBOUR — AFTER "SEVEN WONDERS" —WONDERFUL!

THIRD PRIZE, £25 plus Seaside Holiday: A. S. Magee, 2 Royston Rd., Davyhulme, Lancs: IF THERE WERE NO FLIES—ON *Us*, FOOD WRAPPED.

OTHER AWARDS: £10: G. H. Colledge, 87 Hamilton Road, Salisbury: WHEN I GET STRAIGHT—SHE "TIDIES UP" AGAIN! £10: J. Lightburn, 60 Blundell Drive, Southport: SHAKING IN HIS SHOES — AND "SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTS," MAN. £5: W. Ford, 12 Linden Avenue, Blackburn: DANGER TO BRITAIN —THINKING "FEW" ENOUGH *Again*. £5: L. Griffin, 29 Cornwall Road, Fratton, Portsmouth: IF THERE WERE NO DONKEYS—CALLED "DADS," DREARY "BEACH"! £5: C. D. House, "Tresco," Tyning Road, Saltford, Bristol: SHEER CUSSEDNESS — RUSSIA'S — OR CURSED SURENESS? £5: Mrs. E. Monckton, 51 Bridgwater Road, Uplands, Bristol: BEFORE CIVILIZATION — FITTEST SURVIVED—NOW, *Luckiest*! £5: H. Newman, 92 Elizabeth Street, Manchester: NICE, JUICY KISS—"WASHES OUT" SONNY'S SINS!

Above seven winners also receive Seaside Holiday for two.

For ten winners of £2 10s. see *"Bullets" Bulletin* dated July 8.

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FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 693
1. A great many metals can be bent with the help of
5. Is sometimes further out than usual
6. Modern methods seem capable of breaking down the strongest of these
9. What great many housewives do before big wash is finished
11. Should be carefully studied by all concerned
13. Owner of yacht is sometimes this
14. The albums of some people consist mainly of these

Down Clues
1. When there's a glut, prices often do this to attract customers
2. Not many people enjoy being in exposed position where gale does this in fury
3. A leader usually wants all the support he can get when important one has to be carried
4. One often sees articles on clothes-line hung up by these
7. Many a motorist might be all the better for
8. Man with weak character is less likely to be able to avoid one
10. Sometimes a real worry to farmer
12. These of a comedian on the music-hall stage are often not at all funny

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XWORD 688 RESULT

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A	D	A		G		5	I	D	E	
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L	E	E	K		6W		L	L	S	
	A	S		7				L		
8F	R		9	A	10G		S	S		
I	N	N		11P	A		T		12	
		U	P				I	D	A	
	G	N	O	M	E		P	I	G	
13	O	S	T	693	14S		A	P	S	

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated August 5.

Winner — sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

I enclose P.O. value.....
No. .....
Signed .....
Address .....
.....

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693 Closing Postmark MON. JULY 24

OUTSMARTING THE CATTLE CROOKS

Continued from page 16

happened ordered that the animal should be destroyed immediately. Later it was discovered that the carcass had become so tainted with turpentine that the meat was unfit for human consumption.

Frauds such as these, though they never involve prosecution by the show authorities, automatically disqualify the breeder from the show, and from all other county shows and sales during that year. Sometimes, of course, the faking is less apparent, so that the judge has to carry out a meticulous check of every animal before passing judgment.

Anderson, for instance, attaches great importance to a bull's carriage —"one reason I always walk them round quite a lot is to make sure they're sound on their feet." But it is not unknown for a breeder to disguise a lameness in one foot by counterbalancing it with another, inserting a small stone or a dried pea into the fleshy part of the hoof —a process known as "beaning."

At the same time, Anderson has to bear in mind that, under Royal Agricultural Society rules, certain "shop window" devices are regarded as perfectly legitimate. Weighting a bull's horns for a few days before the show, for example, so that they lie closely against the scalp, is one recognized strategem, while working up a fine, glossy coat with whale oil and spirits of tar is equally common. But tampering with the mouth brings instant disqualification, and for this reason Anderson once had to exclude an entrant who had tried to disguise a three-year-old bull as a one-year-old by providing it with an entirely new set of teeth.

The Fakers Keep Trying

Like most beef-cattle breeders, Anderson has had little experience of judging dairy herds, though a fair proportion of the entries at every Royal Show come from such prized dairy breeds as Red Polls and British Friesians. A farmer like John Evens, who has been breeding Lincoln Red Dairy Shorthorns at Burton, near Lincoln, for the past twenty years, may judge no more than twenty head of cattle, yet still come up against as many problems as Anderson.

In Evens's view, the most important attribute of a cow-in-milk is a good udder—"with a prominent milk-vein and well-shaped teats hanging firmly apart to form a square." In the twenty-five years that Evens has been judging, however, it has been an exceptional show that has not provided at least one example of clever faking.

By far the commonest of these is "stocking"—allowing a cow to enter the show ring before it has been "milked-out," so that the udder is distended to its fullest capacity. Many judges have become accustomed to this ruse and often order the animals to be "milked-out" prior to competing.

At most shows, cattle judges are expected to give their services free of charge, and only at the Royal, which lasts for the best part of a week, do the judges receive a fee of four guineas a day, plus a meals allowance. "Mostly," says Evens, "we judge for the love of the thing and because we want to see the breeds improve. So long as the farmers appreciate that it's all for the good of the country, then we're happy."

THE END

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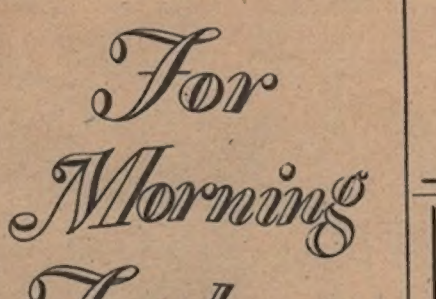

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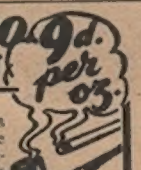

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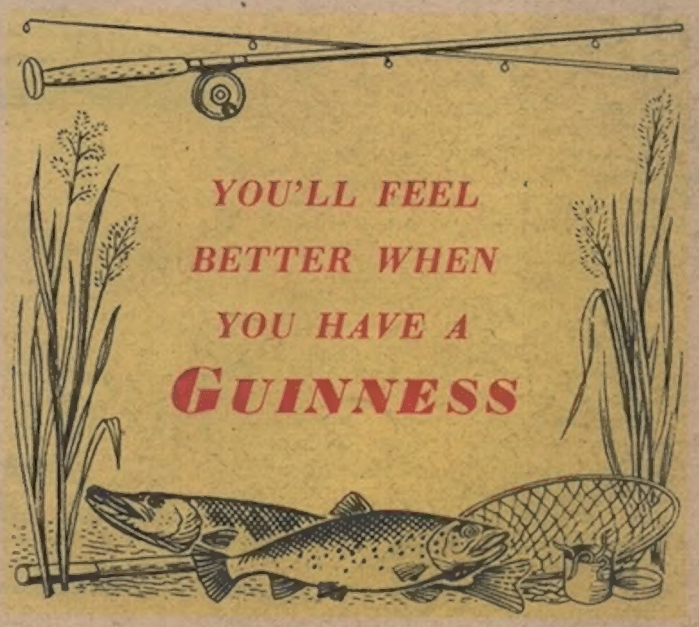

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